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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WE said in May when Labour's election programme was issued that it looked as though the early sessions of a Labour Government would be devoted to awaiting the deliberations of Commissions and committees of enquiry. That forecast is confirmed by the King's Speech. There is to be an enquiry into the condition of the iron and steel industry and another into cotton. There is to be a Royal Commission to investigate the "whole field of legislation relating to the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor." There is also to be an enquiry into the question of electoral reform. This last is a concession to the Liberals, but it is not yet clear how far their wishes will be met in the matter. It is suggested that the Government's present wish is rather to abolish plural voting than to alter the system under which Governments representing a minority of the electorate have become the rule in this country. It is a vicious jab of irony that a reform for which the Liberals have strongly

agitated should apparently be going to be turned against them, by investigating the use of central political funds. The Speech, as it stands, is not particularly controversial. As we explain elsewhere, it is in parts positively Conservative. More and bigger pensions figure in it, as apparently they must now be expected to figure in the programme of any Government of whatever complexion, so deeply are all parties plunged in the welter of democratic bribery.

Mr. Thomas's outline of the Government's unemployment plans foreshadow yet other enquiries, one into the possibility of a circular goods railway for London, another into the question of raising the school-leaving age. This last is surprising in view of Labour's categorical insistence during the election campaign that the age would be raised. Mr. Thomas's plans are sound and practical so far as they go. The first thing to note about them is the confession that there is no royal road to unemployment relief except through the gradual betterment of trade; the second is the welcome if rather ostentatiously unsocialistic provision for State stimulus of

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private enterprise. Mr. Thomas proposes to extend State assistance in the form of loans or interest to public utility authorities such as railways and docks, and a Bill to guarantee £25,000,000 for this purpose is to be presented immediately. Efforts are also being made to stimulate the establishment of new industries in depressed areas; the Conservatives' plan of transference of labour is to be extended; and the Conservative Export Credits scheme is also to be extended and further trade commissioners appointed.

Mr. Thomas proposes to appropriate the whole of the Road Fund for the next ten years for a programme of primary and secondary road development; he proposes considerable railway improvements, including the adoption of steel sleepers for wooden ones; and certain improvements in the London traffic system, including (we are grateful to note) the immediate repair of Waterloo Bridge and the construction of the new Charing Cross Bridge, with the removal of the station south of the river. He then turned his attention to the Empire. He announced his intention of visiting Canada to see what can be done to stimulate immigration not only in agricultural but in industrial occupations; he proposed an amendment of the East Africa and Palestine Loans Act to expedite development works there; he has apparently persuaded Mr. Snowden to set aside £1,000,000 a year for further colonial developments; and he foreshadowed an air survey of Africa with the object of extending the cultivation of cotton in the Empire.

As might be expected, the moderation of the Government's proposals have caused bitter disappointment among their own back-benchers, and Mr. Maxton and his associates have tabled an amendment to the Address demanding nationalization of "the key sources of economic power." A Conservative amendment has been tabled on the subject of Safeguarding and Imperial Preference. The Government have announced their decision not to renew the Safeguarding duties when they elapse; and although they reserve the right to repeal them beforehand, this is much less than the Liberals would have desired. The Chancellor has also decided not to proceed with the second half of Mr. Churchill's Finance Bill, which will, incidentally, cost him £500,000 a year in book-makers' telephones and "Tote" taxes.

References to foreign affairs in the King's Speech, and in Mr. MacDonald's own declaration on Tuesday, were so vague that it is difficult to comment upon them. Doubtless the Prime Minister would have wished to be more definite about the prospects of disarmament, but his preliminary conversations with General Dawes and the obvious importance of including other naval Powers in the discussions must have convinced him that the problem is not going to be easy to solve. He wisely removed the doubt aroused by Mr. Snowden as to whether the Labour Party would try to revise the debt agreement with France, but he also made it clear that he expected the settlement of the reparation problem to lead to the

immediate evacuation of the Rhineland. The most statesmanlike part of his own speech was that part in which he dealt with the work of the Simon Commission, and it is to be hoped that it will be instrumental in reminding Indians that they can obtain no concessions except through co-operation with the British Government.

One matter referred to in the King's Speech deserves far more attention than it has received up to the present. This is the announcement "that the time has come to submit to judicial settlement international disputes in which the parties are in conflict as to their respective rights," and that the Dominion Governments are now being consulted with a view to the signature of the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Canada has long urged the signature of this Clause, whereas Australia has been hesitant to accept the obligations it involves. When it has been discussed in the past, so many reservations to it have been suggested that, as Sir Austen Chamberlain has more than once pointed out, it was much more honest not to sign it at all. Presumably the new Government are prepared to take the responsibility of rejecting such reservations as would weaken this promise to accept compulsory arbitration in all "justiciable" disputes.

It is important that public opinion should realize how considerable a step the signature of this Optional Clause would be. Some of the reservations which have been proposed by Government Departments in the past have seemed not to take into account that already, under the Covenant of the League, we are pledged against the use of force. But naval, military or financial strength may be very powerful in the form of a threat, and it is no small thing for a Great Power to declare that in any future dispute about a treaty she will accept the verdict of an international court of law, which would not take into consideration the relative material strength of the disputing parties. There is not the least probability that the question of our status in Egypt, which has been frequently used as an argument against the Optional Clause, will be brought before the Hague Court, for Egypt has not signed the Statute of this Court, and the Optional Clause is binding only as between those Governments which have signed it. One cannot institute a system of law unless one is prepared to accept the risk that this system might, in certain eventualities, be brought into action against oneself. The British Government have no policy which will not bear examination by an impartial court of justice and can afford to accept an obligation already shared by Germany, France and some fifteen other nations.

A week ago, as the result of an impassioned speech by M. Franklin Bouillon, the French Chamber instructed the Government to appeal for a further postponement of the payment of the war stocks debt of £80,000,000 to the United States. The only result of the *démarche* by M. Claudel, the French Ambassador in Washington, has been a rebuff from the American Secretary of State, which might have been anticipated and has reminded deputies that the time has come for them

to face facts. The Foreign Affairs Committee has now decided to recommend the Chamber to ratify the Mellon-Béranger and Caillaux-Churchill debt settlements, but only with reservations based upon the regular fulfilment of Germany's obligations. It is too often forgotten in France that the British and American Governments only scaled down the French debt on the distinct understanding that it was independent of payments by Germany, and therefore any reservations which the Chamber chooses to adopt could only be looked upon as unilateral.

While the dictatorship in Yugoslavia has not succeeded in bridging the gulf between Serbs and Croats, it has also failed to improve the relations between Yugoslavia and her neighbours. The incidents on the Yugoslav-Bulgarian frontier have now become so frequent and so grave that they will in all probability have to be brought before the League of Nations Council. Not long ago a conference was held at Pirot at which the two Governments agreed upon proposals to keep peace along the frontier. These proposals have been ratified in Sofia, but not in Belgrade, and the Yugoslavs are making demands which Bulgaria could not possibly accept without adding considerably to the number of her Macedonian refugees. Following upon the Greco-Bulgarian dispute of 1925, the League of Nations appointed two neutral officers who were to meet and to settle on the spot any frontier incident which might arise. This measure was entirely successful, and although other Governments have hesitated to adopt it, feeling that their sovereignty would be impaired, it is ridiculous that European peace should be constantly endangered in this way. We would urge the League Council thus to neutralize all areas in which the atmosphere is poisoned by the Macedonian question.

Again there is occurring one of those periodical slumps in potato prices that beset the home industry. Thousands of tons could be bought to-day for 10s. a ton, plus the labour and transport cost of removing them. The absence of blight has caused a bumper crop and this has a great deal to do with it. Nature's bounty can be an embarrassment. But undoubtedly undisciplined marketing has a great deal to do with it, too. A new development might be considered. Potatoes at "surplus" rates can be made into all sorts of things. They can be sliced and dried like sugar beet to make a cattle food; they can be made into power and alcohol; even artificial silk can be made from the acetate. Here is a field for experiment where, if any subsidy at all is justifiable, some small Government assistance might be given. No one yet knows how far these processes would be economic from the manufacturers' point of view. From the growers' they would be a godsend at times like the present, for they would prevent the crop being literally thrown away and also remove some of the lower-grade potatoes from the market to the advantage of those of better quality.

We should like to know on what principle the continuance of the nonsensical restriction on the

sales of half-bottles of spirits, outside public-houses, is justified. That difficulties should be put in the way of the citizen who wishes to secure liquor is now part of the settled policy of this country. People who are trusted to make the most momentous decisions, in regard to marriage, for instance, and the begetting of children, cannot be trusted to settle rightly when they may drink a glass of beer. For that, however, its apologists can at least invoke morality, though hardly the morality of the intelligent. But that a person who needs a little brandy for medicinal use should be forced into the public-house or obliged to buy a whole bottle is certainly not in accord with even that morality. It is an odd temperance that teaches people who otherwise would not go there at all the way to the Bull and Bush, and an odd thrift which makes them spend twice as much on liquor as they wish to spend.

A very great journalistic career is closed by the retirement of Mr. C. P. Scott from the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*. In the fifty-seven years he has edited that paper he has kept it the most consistently intelligent daily newspaper in England. Of his immense services to Liberalism of a particular type it is not for us to write. This much, however, may be said, that during that long period it has always concerned thoughtful Conservative journalists to know and weigh carefully the *Manchester Guardian's* opinions. In respect of literature and the arts, especially drama, Mr. Scott has inspired and directed a most brilliant and courageous body of critics. His flair for talent has been extraordinary; but he has known more than how to discover talent, he has known how to use it. His paper has been one of the chief instruments of education in this country, and that without ever sinking to a dull or bullying didacticism. Indeed, wit has been the favourite weapon of some of the typical *Manchester Guardian* men.

The centenary of the omnibus set us thinking of the wrath with which this paper observed the substitution of the motor-bus for the horse-drawn. The new omnibuses were, according to the SATURDAY, herds of hippotami wickedly let loose on the streets of London. But earlier still it was the cycle curse that angered Saturday Reviewers. Where was safety, to say nothing of peace and dignity, in an age in which persons mounted on cycles swept round corners at terrific speeds, ringing their bells to the detriment of civilized nerves or disdaining to give the unhappy pedestrian even that warning? It all reads queerly now, but this paper had an ideal of London as a city in which the amenities should be guarded; it has that ideal still, though it attacks other things. And after all, the attacks that fail are not without effect. The new thing, especially if it promise material gains, will never lack supporters; and in the measure that the people really need it, it will prevail. But the opposition will have forced the authorities to consider whether restrictions ought not to be placed on its abuse, and the manufacturers to ponder the possibility of making it less provocative of objection.

THE NEW "CONSERVATIVE" GOVERNMENT

THERE is only one paragraph in the King's Speech that could not have been written on the advice of a Conservative Prime Minister, and even that is so cautiously worded that it may mean nothing at all. This is the paragraph that promises to amend the Trade Disputes Act passed after the General Strike. Everything else in the Speech so far as the words go might be a continuation of the policy of the late Government, and most of it is what the lawyers call "common form." The settlement of Reparations, the consequent evacuation of the Rhineland, and the solution of our naval troubles with America are happily not issues that divide parties, and if circumstances favour Mr. MacDonald more than his predecessor, that will be a general gain on which he will have unreserved congratulations from all of us.

In domestic policy some of the items, like those of slum clearance and factory legislation, are lifted from the Conservative programme. The schemes for dealing with unemployment, again, have obviously been taken out of pigeon-holes in the Government offices, for Mr. Thomas, who took an early opportunity of explaining them, has not been in power long enough to prepare new schemes of his own. Amendments of National Insurance and Pensions schemes are always annual whatever Government is in power, and though the question of hours in the coal industry might well have been left alone for the present, the general reorganization of the industry mentioned in the King's Speech is not only desirable but has already begun. The only novelties are two committees, one on the conditions of the sale of drink and another to examine what are oddly called the "experiences" of the last election. Both will yield highly contentious matter, but the divisions of opinion will not necessarily run on party lines.

Our new Labour Government have been described as in reality a Coalition Government with Labour members holding all the offices. Or to put it in another way, the Government may be described as a mandatory Government, the conditions of the mandate being, first, to keep off all attempts to apply Socialist theory, and secondly, to carry as much Conservative or Liberal legislation as the House of Commons and especially their own party will support. If the conditions of the mandate are observed, there is no reason why the Government should not remain in power for two years or even longer and get through an immense amount of useful work. The nearest parallel to the present situation in our politics is the Disraeli Government of 1866, which carried the Representation of the People Act, probably the most important of all measures of electoral enfranchisement. Disraeli, like Mr. MacDonald now, was faced by two parties, the Liberals and the Peelites, which together exceeded his own in numbers, but he remained in power eighteen months. "Let us discuss the affairs of the country as a House of Commons, not a collection of parties," said Disraeli. Similarly Mr. MacDonald now, "I wonder how far it is possible," he said on Tuesday, "without

in any way abandoning any of our party positions, without in any way surrendering any item of our party principles, to consider ourselves as a Council of State and less as arrayed regiments facing each other in battle." The answer depends mainly on how far he recognizes his position as a mandator of a non-party majority.

The most significant action of the session has been the combined Conservative and Liberal demand for a general review of the Government's policy after the Christmas recess, despite the fact that there will be no new King's Speech then. Neither party is willing, as Mr. Baldwin put it, "to surrender control on this King's Speech" for a whole year. Mr. Churchill went further and expressed the hope for co-operation between the Conservative and Liberal Parties. As he put it, he hoped that the gangway that separates Conservatives and Liberals will prove less wide than the whole floor of the House. That points to the formation of a Conservative-Liberal *bloc* against any attempt by the Government to carry Socialist theory into practice. In the words of the King's Speech there is nothing to expose Mr. MacDonald to the danger of a hostile vote from the parties opposite him. The danger is at his side and behind him. The danger from Mr. Maxton and his school is generally recognized, but the power of this section is much exaggerated. A more real danger comes from Mr. Snowden, who is not the man to compromise with his obstinate Free Trade convictions and might be forced to resign on that issue. He too will have to find the money, and it is on the Budget that the real issue between the Government and the Opposition parties is most likely to come to a head.

Moreover, though a moderate Labour policy is in the immediate interests of the country, it has its dangers for the future. For if the country comes to the conclusion that Labour in office is not dangerous, it might at the next election put Labour in power as well as in office. The decision of Conservatives and Liberals to have periodic reviews of the tendencies of the Labour policy is therefore of first-rate importance. It may be their duty to prevent Labour from accumulating prestige by the pursuit of a Conservative policy if there is reason to fear that that prestige will be used later for wholly different and inimical ends. From the Opposition point of view the most wholesome result of Parliamentary action in the next two years would be to break down the fundamental equivocations of the Labour Party and compel its diverse sections to go to the country, each under its own true colours. And that would also be in the interests of the country.

In the meantime, there is much useful work that can be done by consent. The general impression left by Mr. Thomas's exposition of the Labour schemes for unemployment is not unfavourable. He has mixed a prescription which contains every conceivable stimulus to trade, and though the danger in these compounds is that they may in combination fight against each other and even generate poisons, no one can accuse him of trying to demonstrate a theory. There is far more Imperialism than Socialism in his prescription. And circumstances are in favour of at least some measure of success. He will have the

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advantage of the Government's rating-relief scheme. Moreover, the next few years bring us to a distance from the war at which children then born will be growing up and going out to work. The war led to a decline in the birth-rate, and the annual additions of boys and young men to the labour market will show a marked decline in the next few years.

These factors are more likely to relieve unemployment than any of the specific remedies proposed by Mr. Thomas. Here, too, the real danger is from the Treasury. Mr. Churchill let it out that the Treasury experts are completely sceptical about the value of these State efforts to make work. Their view is that you can only create an artificial demand in one direction by creating unemployment in another. However that may be, the financing of the schemes is obviously going to cost money, and even if the Treasury fails to resist them, their effect may be shown unpleasantly in the Budget. The first, and still more the second Labour Budget (if the Government last so long) will be the crucial test.

UNACKNOWLEDGED ALLIES

POLITICAL victories that count are seldom or never won by political means: least of all Conservative victories, because Conservatism is not a bundle of political expedients, but the very imperfect expression through political action of certain deep-rooted and far-reaching convictions in regard to both the national and the individual life. These convictions are hard, nay impossible, to define. They amount, in sum, to a passionate belief in the principle of continuity. Society to the Conservative is, as Burke said (with less than his usual grace and clarity) "a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Such a view was, with Burke, the fruit of experience and reflection: for us it is reinforced by the whole weight of modern scientific thought, with its tedious insistence on the slow processes of evolution. What is more, it happens to be true, and for that reason it will eventually prevail.

Truths of this calibre, however, cannot be carried home to the minds of multitudes by logical exposition. They must be insinuated; conveyed by association and suggestion. And happily the English mind is naturally receptive of this particular truth, as its long history shows. Its genius is conservative. Its supreme types have, almost without exception, been Conservatives. Shakespeare himself is the most effective of Tory agents. If English education consisted, like the Roman, almost exclusively of the study of the national poetry, our Socialists could shut up shop. The Englishman's political ideal, when he is not led astray to follow after strange gods, is the maximum of private liberty compatible with public order. That is also, in one of its aspects, the ideal of the Conservative Party: and it is what Shakespeare meant by that magical and most English phrase, "night's rest and neighbourhood."

Self-styled "progressives," on the other hand, whether they call themselves Liberals or

Socialists, invariably aim at restricting private liberty; and, in pursuit of that aim, their favourite means is the fomenting of public disorder. In this they are perfectly consistent; for they regard political agitation as an end in itself. A contented nation, in their view, would be politically dead: and if one of them chanced to find such a people, he would never rest until he had sown the seeds of discontent and misery. We know, from 'Coriolanus' and other plays, what Shakespeare thought of the type; and Dr. Johnson thought the same, being in this, as in so many other respects, almost the perfect Englishman. The tone of English literature is so incurably aristocratic that the Conservatives have no need to worry about propaganda. They have but to encourage the sale of cheap editions of the national classics.

The simple truth is that the intellectual masterpieces of all civilized nations—and especially those of the Greeks and Romans, which the world has agreed to call the Classics *par excellence*—are, by a vast majority, on the side of authority and tradition. If proportional representation were the rule in the republic of letters, very few seats would fall to the Liberals. If, as Emerson remarked, all the great books seem at times to have been written by one all-seeing gentleman, there can be no question that their author was, with occasional and momentary lapses, a true-blue Conservative. The more men think and read, the nearer and the more inevitable is the triumph of the good cause. Passion and prejudice are the only trustworthy allies of its enemies.

If these things are so—and the point can easily be settled by a counting of heads—it follows that the course of policy to be pursued by the Conservatives during the Socialist interregnum is equally simple and obvious. It is to give free play to the overwhelming intellectual forces that make for Conservatism. The Universities are virtually solid for Conservatism; and the reason is not that they are strongholds of vested interests or preserves of the gilded aristocracy. They are neither. They are the places, as anyone who has been to them knows, where the play of criticism is most searching and relentless, and where, consequently, only the fittest of social or political theories can survive. Fantastic schemes for the regeneration of mankind by Act of Parliament, or for the abolition of poverty by the destruction of wealth, cannot live in that keen and withering air. You cannot make a University of the world; nor, on the whole, would one desire to see the world regulated by dons: but if democracy is to function successfully under a system of universal suffrage, it must develop some organ to perform the work which Newman claimed that the Universities existed to perform, the work "of purifying the national taste, of supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, of giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age." The masses will not submit to enlightened leadership: they would rather go to the devil their own way. But they cannot, in the long run, escape the influences of enlightened criticism. It is the business of the Conservative Party at all times, but especially when in Opposition, to bring those influences to bear, through every possible channel, on every department of national activity. There is no hurry; for he that believeth shall not make haste.

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS

By R. W. G. HINGSTON

THE forces that control animal behaviour make a thorny but fascinating subject of study. Do animals low in the scale of nature reason? How do they solve their problems of existence? Are they the mere slaves of automatic forces, or do they by deliberate thinking devices meet the contingencies in their everyday lives? Different authorities hold conflicting views. Some would have the animal an absolute machine, a creature with no psychic qualities whatever, a mere bundle of physico-chemical forces with reactions analogous to the movements of plants; others place it on a higher plane and give it an elaborate psychological nature. It is a thinking, reflecting, deliberating being, governed and controlled by mental forces, differing, no doubt, in immense degree, but nevertheless essentially the same as the mental forces that exist in man. This brings us straight to the old thorny question: Is the animal a mere creature of instinct only or is it an intelligent being like ourselves?

Few words are more difficult to define than "instinct" and few have been given more varieties of meaning. Yet most people have some clear idea of what they mean by an instinctive act. Everyone understands what we mean when we say that instinct drives a bird to migrate, that through instinct a bee constructs its comb, that the instinct of a spider is to spin a net. Hence, rather than add to technical definitions, I shall here attempt to analyse briefly the nature of this instinctive force.

There are certain essentials in the instinctive act which separate it sharply from rational behaviour: 1. An instinctive act is independent of instruction. For example, the bee, when it makes its cell, does so without ever having gone through an apprenticeship. 2. An instinctive act is independent of reasoning. For example, the bee does not plan out beforehand all the marvellous geometrical perfection which enters into the cells of its comb. 3. An instinctive act has an end in view, but of that end the creature is ignorant. For example, the bee, when making its cell, is unaware of the fact that it is building a receptacle for the purpose of storing honey.

What, then, is instinct? Is it an innate force, born with the creature, a fixed part of its inherited nature? There is no calculation in it, no premeditation. It is a blind impulse, a striving in the dark, an unconscious automatic drive which must be implicitly obeyed.

The first thing we notice about this force is its almost incredible perfection. I shall give a single illustration. A certain ant inhabits Brazil. Its business in life is to gather leaves, carry them underground, there spread them out so as to form a garden, then plant this garden with a crop of mushrooms with which to feed both itself and its young. Here we have an instinct wonderfully perfect. But this is by no means the height of its perfection. For something even more wonderful happens when the time comes to make a new nest. The queen ant then goes off to perform this duty. But before leaving the old nest, she grabs hold of a mouthful of the precious mushrooms in order that she may have with her the necessary material for starting her garden in the new nest. And even something more wonderful still. Her new garden is at first very delicate. It needs a supply of special manure. So what does the queen do? She manures her young mushrooms with her own excrement. She bends her head backwards, bites off a drop of excrement from her tail, sprinkles it over the young mushrooms and

presses it with her legs into the garden. These facts, though so remarkable, are highly authenticated, and they illustrate very clearly the amazing perfection of this force of instinct.

The second point that comes up for notice is the rigid inflexibility of instinct. It is a force dominating, remorseless, which must be implicitly obeyed. Take an example I once met with: a migration of butterflies trying to cross the Himalaya. Here was a crowd of fragile creatures faced by the greatest barrier on earth. What did they do? Were they deflected by this terrible obstruction? Not at all. On they went, week after week. There were literally millions of them following on millions. Up they went across the wooded slopes, always stubbornly in the same direction, never swerving either to right or left. Up they went to the highest limit of the trees, then higher still across the topmost glaciers, and away into that world of broken ice where, of course, they were utterly destroyed. See the remorselessness and inflexible persistence of it. Millions after millions allow themselves to perish rather than turn from the ordained course.

The third point that deserves attention is the amazing wisdom of instinct. The best illustration of this that I know of is the case of the solitary wasps. These wasps feed their young on paralysed insects. Some bring cockroaches, others crickets, others grasshoppers, others locusts. The wonderful thing is their skill at paralysing. For when one of these wasps captures a victim, it does not just clumsily sting it to death. It does something infinitely more scientific, something which illustrates very forcibly the wonderful wisdom of this force of instinct. What it does is to paralyse its victim, put it into a state of helplessness and coma, yet a state in which it will still live on sometimes for weeks or months. The wasp must do this for a very good reason. The young wasp, for which the victim is paralysed, must have its food both living and helpless, that is, in some kind of comatose state.

Now how does the parent wasp perform this operation? By a method so remarkable that one might almost believe it understood the internal anatomy of its victim. It stings its victim at one special point, underneath which point there is always situated the minute nervous ganglion which controls the muscular movements of the victim. By means of a spear thrust into that hidden ganglion, immediate paralysis can be effected. And the ganglion is deeply buried and not a pin-head in size. Here, then, we have wisdom almost staggering in its perfection. The wasp operates with that precision and apparent knowledge which we expect from the expert surgeon. So much for instinct. Perfection, inflexibility, wisdom. These are three of its most striking points. But we must not forget its uniformity. For as the individuals of a species are like one another structurally, so do they perform the inherited instinct all in the same way.

Turn now to intelligence. See how sharply it contrasts with instinct. An instinctive act is an inborn impulse; an intelligent act is something that has been acquired. An instinctive act is independent of experience; an intelligent act is one that has been learnt. An instinctive act is unconnected with any reasoning; an intelligent act implies logical thought. An instinctive act is performed in ignorance of the motive; an intelligent act is accompanied with the knowledge of the reason why it is being carried out. Instinct, I have said, means blindness and ignorance; intelligence implies recognition and choice.

Just one intelligent act from insects. A certain wasp has the habit of paralysing caterpillars, dragging them into a hole in the ground, laying an egg on the body of the caterpillar, and finally closing the hole with earth. Now let us picture the act of closing. The instinct of the wasp is to

shuffle in earth till the hole is filled level with the ground, then to scrape the surface a little so as to hide all trace of the spot. That is the simple closing instinct which all the individuals belonging to the species perform in the same way. But one day a particular individual was noticed which did something far better than the ordinary instinct. Not satisfied with just shuffling and scraping in earth, this particular genius took hold of a stone and began to use it after the fashion of a hammer. It first went to some pains to find a suitable stone, then took it between its jaws, then pounded the earth with it into the hole until the surface was hard and level. This is an example of an intelligent deviation in the direction of an insect making use of a tool.

The tool-using deviation was not instinctive. The instinct of the species is just to shuffle and scrape. This act was the invention of a special individual, a genius, so to speak, in the race of insects, which invented something in addition to what it had inherited and thus rose higher than the instinctive state. It did something new, something advantageous; it broke away from the paltry shuffling and took upon itself a new device. Can we suppose that this particular genius did not know full well what it was about?

To what extent do these intelligent deviations extend through the animal kingdom? Man, of course, is mainly ruled by them. Few would deny them to mammals and birds. Many refuse to admit them in insects, and to those I recommend the hammering operation performed by this particular wasp.

For myself, I believe that these two forces, the rigid innate automatic instinct, and the plastic acquired variable intelligence, run through the whole animal world. Man is a combination of these two forces. His make-up is a mixture of rational judgment with the primitive instincts that lie buried underneath. But not man alone has this dual nature. Every living animal partakes of it, though undoubtedly in immensely varying degrees. I believe if we could make sufficiently delicate experiments, we should find traces of these two forces even in unicellular life. Instinct and intelligence always go together. The proportions of each vary immensely, but they never separate completely from one another. I believe that nowhere in the animal world can we draw a distinct line of separation, can we say that this creature is purely instinctive and that one purely intelligent. No hard-and-fast barrier can anywhere be built. A psychological as well as a structural continuity runs through the whole animal kingdom.

ORDEAL BY "TALKIE"

BY ERNEST BETTS

WHEN the Warner Brothers committed the unbrotherly act of putting sound into films, thus throwing the world's studios into chaos, they deprived critics of what last shred of vanity they may have possessed from acquaintance with the more experienced kinema. It has been ordeal enough to fight our way through the meannesses, trivialities and ineptitudes of the silent film, until intelligence and imagination undermined resistance and made many a film superior to many a play. But with the arrival of Al Jolson, with voice more golden than Jason's fleece, we suffer a second purgation, con our text again, plunge into new and terrifying idioms, sink three times in uncharted seas of technique, and come to the surface amazed that the adventure has so much to recommend it. If the Warner Bros. have made money, they have also made history, and by one of those nerveless leaps over the commercial precipice which must make it so pleasing to be an American.

'The Jazz Singer' and 'The Singing Fool,' which introduced the talkie wave, have small significance except as examples of the new mechanics in film-making. Yet they brought wonder and delight to film-goers by the hundred thousand and laid a deep emotional foundation for the ornate architecture that was to follow. It is the madness, not the sanity, of the film which brings it success, and a vitality for which we search in vain among the other arts, even at their crudest. 'The Jazz Singer' had a fanaticism of its own on two planes of appeal—the Browning spirit of optimism, impersonated with immense animal vitality by Al Jolson himself, and the spirit of worship, the deep, entranced Jewish worship, typified by his singing of the Ghetto hymns. This irreverent fusion of Jazz and Judaism was necessary to the ordeal by Vitaphone. It established a third dimension in film production by a single stroke of showmanship.

The principle thereafter adopted in numerous synchronized sound films was to exploit the personal factor to its uttermost, giving it a background of orchestral and lyrical accompaniment and a miscellany of sounds from everyday life. We enjoyed the music of the Zoo without the chance of a ride on the elephant. 'Broadway Melody' and the 'Fox Movietone Follies,' however, summed up brazenly the astonishing new powers the kinema had discovered for itself. If it is possible to present a revue or musical play as effectively as this, and at so early a stage in the sound film's development, what opportunities there may be, with a more perfect instrument and a wider command of technique, for a film opera, for that "multiplicity in unity" of the newer and the older elements which Mr. Robert Nichols has imagined. The two films mentioned were blamed for restricting the scope of the camera to the dimensions of the stage. The criticism was just, but more significant are "the general properties and large appearances" which they suggested. The film has lived marvellously enough in flowing patterns and adventurous rhythm, but imagination is touched by these hints of a deeper eloquence, once it is freed from the huskiness of cabaret queens and the endless banalities of film story. Still more is it necessary to apportion with propriety the ingredients of sound and motion. A study of recent sound films indicates a sort of boyish glee in the trick of synchronization which permits anything to be recorded, from the mooing of cows to the dramatic snapping of cigarette cases; and we may be sure that the "high-light" of 'Peter Pan,' when it is synchronized, will be Smee's tearing of the calico on board the *Jolly Roger*.

The most competent example of sound manipulation on purely melodramatic lines is in the American picture 'Speakeasy,' a story of romantic treachery in a New York "dive." The dialogue, which is almost continuous, is terse, bold and true to character. It bounds along with such vigour and is knit up into such a variety of desperate action, that "we become what we imagine," we are synchronized into belief. In the sound version of 'Kitty,' on the other hand, the talk is so inept that we blush to hear it. If there is less to blush at in 'Nothing but the Truth,' neither is there anything to praise in the photography, which is scarcely cinematography at all. The words have paralysed movement, and it would be far more amusing to read the play at home, free from the giggles and sniffs of 2,500 spectators. 'Nothing but the Truth,' to which I do not deny some witty lines, is a pure piece of stage photography.

Yet in all these examples what a long league we are from the true craftsmanship of the film. The unco-ordinated grunts, lisps, roarings, clicks, murmurs and mutterings are utterly forgotten half an hour after we have heard them, lacking all the subtlety and strangeness of living creatures, the familiarity of things heard. Not until we reach

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's film 'Blackmail' have we any hint of the sound as an echo of the sense, with the flow of visual imagery unimpaired and the whole creation blossoming by degrees into drama. Mr. Hitchcock has the capacity of the German school of film directors for giving depth to character and dramatic significance to the time factor. He has never, in his best films, moved across the screen needlessly or paused except to give strength and clarity to his subject. 'Blackmail' has many touches of art; its spell is complete. For as the right balance has been maintained between the rhythmic values, hastening and retarding the traffic of the story, so also has a sensitive touch controlled the sound. Mr. Hitchcock, having declared that he never intended this for a sound picture, is the more to be admired that he has so delicately interwoven sound with action.

One scene illustrates his method. The girl murderer is sitting in the parlour behind her father's shop, herself nearly dead from the blow she has struck. She is cutting the bread for the family breakfast. At the door a garrulous old woman is discussing the murder. Then the camera switches from the woman to the breakfast table, the girl, the bread, the knife; but we still hear the woman talking. The details of her talk are obscured, only the word "knife" coming up sharply from its malicious undercurrents. The air is full of knives and nerves and the scene lives in terror. It was thus that Ibsen substituted with full effect the thing heard for the thing seen, when, in 'Little Eyolf,' cries of "The crutch, the crutch!" echoing unseen from watchers on the beach told us that the cripple was lost. The film can manage this sort of crisis with greater adroitness and more terrifying detail.

And so we reach the technique of sound elaborated, but not yet practised by Pudowkin, whose theory of orchestral counterpoint in film production is now fairly well known. But that the film may not be too full of its own materials, the sound, in running commentary, will replace the orchestra altogether, and on this basis and with no suffocation of movement, a new film drama will arise. Let us say no word of this to the Warner Brothers, who are buying up the plays of Europe and America and filling them with pound notes. "It cannot but come to pass that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough may sometimes happen on something that is good and great," said Ben Jonson, not imagining the fearful thing he prophesied. May the Celias of Hollywood justify the remark, not with their eyes alone but with voices as poetical.

THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME

BY GORDON PHILLIPS

IT was certainly the most extraordinary game of golf I ever played, for though my opponent (a stranger who was waiting on the verandah of the club-house and whom I incautiously invited to join me) never holed out on a single green, he beat me 10 and 8, won the bye 5 and 3, won the bye-bye 2 and 1, and even claimed the last hole.

My first drive landed perhaps a couple of yards short of a branch of a tree that had been broken off by the wind. It was a smallish branch, so I lifted it and cast it back into the hedge. "I beg your pardon," said my opponent, "but that makes it my hole." "But I can move a 'loose impediment,'" I protested. "Not if it is lying more than a club length from the ball," he said firmly. "I must claim the hole under Rule 12, section (2)." And he did.

As you will readily understand, this left me a little nettled—so nettled that, at the second hole, having strode up to what I took to be my ball I played a

hasty second without realizing that the ball was not mine but a very badly sliced drive from the eighth tee. With great speed my opponent then played his next shot—and then instantly claimed the hole under, as he explained, Rule 20, section (2), which lays it down that, in order to avoid any penalty, such a mistake must be discovered and intimated before the opposing side has played its next stroke.

"Rattled" would be a mild word for the frame of mind in which I approached the third hole. When we were both on the green my opponent asked me how many I had played. "Five," I said coldly, but with an inward rage. He then played a careless approach putt that went nowhere near the hole, and informed me that, as a matter of fact, I had played only four, but it did not matter because I had now lost the hole in any event for giving wrong information and not correcting it before my opponent had played his next stroke. "See Rule 4, section (2)," he explained.

The fourth I lost for grounding my club in a bunker—at least this wretch, who was standing over me, said I had just touched the sand in addressing the ball. The fifth he claimed with great sternness and authority because he said that my caddie in removing a worm-cast on the green had violated Rule 28, sections (2) and (3), by using unnecessary pressure and "touching" the actual line of the putt. As we appeared to have broken one rule twice over it seemed unexpectedly generous of him to be content with a penalty of just one hole. But he made up for it at the sixth by insisting that the hole was his because, when playing out of a gorse bush, I had unfairly "pushed, scraped or spooned" the ball. The seventh I lost because in playing out of a bunker my ball happened to jump back and hit my own caddie; and by the irony of things he claimed the eighth because he played the same kind of shot but his ball happened to bounce back and hit me. (Rules 19 and 18.)

I was now eight down and it occurred to me that the mood of silent fury in which I was playing was doing my game no good. Would it not be better to try to establish more friendly relations with this inhuman monster? So at the ninth I said to him, as brightly and casually as I was able, "I wonder whether I should take a mashie or a light iron for this approach?" "I should take a mashie," he replied, "but I ought to point out that whatever you now do you have lost the hole, for under Rule 4, section (1), 'A player may not ask for nor willingly receive advice from anyone except his own caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie.'" After that can you wonder that I lost the tenth—and the match—because I submitted in silent disgust to his assertion that I had plainly violated Rule 15 by "moving and bending" a growing thistle more than was necessary in order fairly to address the ball?

I lost the first hole of the bye rather curiously. Having picked out of "ground under repair" I dropped the ball behind me, but Rule 8, I learnt, says that the player "shall face the hole, stand erect, and drop the ball behind him over his shoulder." My opponent, supported by his caddie, insisted that I had turned half-left away from the hole—and I was one down on the bye.

But why worry you with more than a summary of the remaining holes? It is sufficient to say that I submitted to judgment against me: at the twelfth because, when I was putting, my ball struck the flagstick which my own caddie had removed (Rule 32); at the thirteenth because my caddie was accused, under Rule 29, section (2), of endeavouring "to influence the action of the wind upon the ball"; at the fourteenth because, in playing a second out of the rough, it was alleged that I had pressed down an "irregularity of surface" which might have affected my stroke (Rule 10); at the fifteenth because, being hidden in

the rough, I brushed back more of the long grass than was strictly necessary in order to find the ball (Rule 21); at the sixteenth because I went into the stream with a floater and was charged with breaking Rule 26 by waiting for the current to bring it near enough for me to get a swipe at it; and at the seventeenth because I broke Rule 13 by rashly taking a smack at a ball which had turned over and was beginning to roll away from me.

All these seventeen holes I lost, one after the other. There is no doubt about it, given the breach of rule about which my opponent complained. I looked them up afterwards. Each rule as cited says plainly "The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be the loss of the hole." But I *did* think, rules or no rules, that I had the eighteenth, as it were, in my pocket. I was on the green in two (with no rules broken) and, having the honour, managed to sink a long putt for three. My opponent, also on the green in two, then putted right up to the hole—and stopped right on the very lip of it. With a grin of triumph I knocked his ball away. "My hole," said he calmly. "Why?" said I, wildly. "Because, under Rule 32, first paragraph of section (3), 'If the player has holed out and the opponent then plays to the lip of the hole, the player may not knock the ball away, but the opponent, if asked, shall play his next stroke without delay.'"

"But there was no next stroke for you—you had already lost the hole."

"It doesn't matter—the rule is the rule. You should have asked me to play my next stroke at once."

"Boy," said I to my caddie, "slip into the clubhouse and bring me a Book of Rules."

He brought one and I turned over its pages eagerly. "Ha!" I cried. "Your claim is disposed of by Rule 33—'When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a stroke for the half, nothing that the player who has holed out can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained.' Now, then, can I deprive myself of a win that I have already gained?" "Let us stick to the point," said he, with cold patience. "Rule 33 says nothing about wins—it is solely concerned with halves. And, once more, I must insist that you have broken the first paragraph of section (3), Rule 32."

"One minute," said I, still holding the book in my hand and struck by a new idea, "Allow me to inform you that there is no penalty at all mentioned in section (3) of Rule 32." "I admit it," said he with a hideously courteous smile, "but if you will turn to Rule 34 you will find these words: 'Where no penalty for the breach of a rule is stated, the penalty shall be the loss of the hole.' I must insist that the hole is mine." "Very well," said I, with an equally hideous smile, "All that remains is for me to invite you to play the nineteenth at my expense."

We did so; and, while his attention was elsewhere, I was able to shake two or three ounces of strychnine into his whisky and soda from which he presently died in great agony. For on that point there is, I am glad to say, no golf rule at all which hinders one from acting according to an enlightened conscience and in the best interests of the community.

CALEDONIAN MARKET

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

ON most days, this open market off the Caledonian Road is very open and very Caledonian, so grey and bleak that you might be bargaining on the summit of one of the Cairngorms. That it is possible to do a brisk trade in ice-cream and glasses of sea-green lemonade on that windy height only proves that man is a romantic and imaginative creature. Indeed, the whole Caledonian Market proves that. Consider the American visitors, who may be seen any Friday, looking a little pinched, at the stalls where jewelled brooches and silver dishes and amber and ivories are offered for sale. The people who own these stalls are either dark-skinned young men or fat, needle-eyed women, and a glance at them tells you that they would rather die than sell a thing for less than a hundred and fifty per cent. profit. But these visitors from America, the place where all good legends go to when they die, see these brooches and ivories against the grey Caledonian background, and so imagine there are tremendous bargains to hand. And so there are. You may pay ten shillings more for a silver bowl or an amber necklace in the Caledonian Market than you would pay in a decent shop in the centre of the city, but then you are being given more than ten shillings' worth of romantic legend with the articles. The story of how you picked them up will be worth a whole heap of dollars to you, once back in the home town.

This is a trivial example, however, and does not touch the Market proper, which these artful merchants of jewellery have no real right to attend. Wander down those long aisles there into which the oldest lumber-rooms—nay, the very dust-bins—seem to have been emptied, and then you can begin to understand how this one surviving pedlar's market or rag-fair fosters the kindest romantic illusions. It does this by patching together, every Tuesday and Friday, the last shreds of self-respect in broken men. You are, we will say, nearly sixty years of age and in a wretched state of health. It is ten years since you were sacked from your last little regular job. You have a bent back, flat feet, no teeth, a wheezing voice, and you cannot even shave yourself. If your son (who drives a bus) and your brother (who still keeps the fried-fish shop in Hoxton) did not slip you something, and your daughter occasionally share her dole with you, no doubt you could not exist outside the workhouse.

Nevertheless, you are no mere beggar, even if things are not always going too well. As a matter of fact, you have a little business of your own. You are in the second-hand, the buying and selling line. You are a trader in the Caledonian Market. Out of your dilapidated suitcase you produce certain articles—perhaps a dirty cushion, two egg-cups, an under-skirt, the Letters of Charles Kingsley, and a broken alarm clock—and these you offer

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to the public. There you stand from ten to four, exchanging remarks about the weather and the state of trade with your fellow merchants, and even though nobody ever buys anything from you, the fact remains that you are in business, just as Dick Whittington was and Mr. Selfridge is. Every Friday, dignity returns to you.

That is why most of these unshaven and toothless traders of the Caledonian Market are so aloof. If you want to make an offer for the Banjo Tutor, the two sodden tennis balls, the cracked vase, the bowler hat, the photograph of General Buller, you may do so, and they will talk to you, bargain with you, man to man, but they do not make any of those shameless appeals to the passer-by so characteristic of the traders in other open markets. The man with the Wild West hat—who pretends to quarrel with his wife all the time he is virtually giving sweets away—may resort to all manner of tricks, and so may all the clever young Jews who sell imitation silk stockings and girls' dresses for eighteenpence, but then these fellows are keen money-makers, with pocket-books stuffed with pound notes, and do not mind mountebanking it a bit. They are not there to recover some of their self-respect, so they need not stand upon their dignity. These others, the humblest of traders, whose shop is a piece of brown paper and whose stock is nothing but the siftings of the rubbish heap, are almost condescending in their talk to possible customers. "Oh, yer sh," you overhear them saying, "I've 'ad them boxin' pickshers. Might 'ave annuver shoon, p'raps nexsh week, p'raps not fer a munf or tew. Cawn't tell, reelly."

It is now some years since I saw what has always seemed to be the queerest stock-in-trade of any merchant, even for Caledonian Market. He was a tall, shambling, melancholy fellow, a vague ruin of a man, and he stood beside an immense map, about six feet square. He had nothing else for sale but this map. It was not recent enough to be of any service, this map, and not old enough to be of any interest. It was a completely useless map, and even though this world is crowded with people mad enough to buy anything, you could not imagine that anybody would ever buy that map. There was nothing in the attitude of the owner to suggest that he himself dissented from this opinion. He was obviously a man who did not believe in miracles, but nevertheless was waiting for one to happen. And I think it will be agreed that there is only one country that could possibly be the subject of that forlorn monster of a map. Yes, it was Ireland.

The last time I was up there I noticed a number of cards in a basket. At first these cards looked as if they were crowded with bone buttons, but as there seemed to be something peculiar about these buttons, I bent down to examine. They were false teeth. In the Caledonian Market you can now buy false teeth by the card, and it is high time most of the stall-holders, whose remaining blackened stumps wreck all their sibilants, tried a few cards. But the favourite merchandise is still the rubber heel. You pass thousands and

thousands of rubber heels, though nobody ever appears to buy any. But then, who would buy one of those old-fashioned frilly parasols, especially when they are very dirty and full of holes?

Yet a man there, the other day, was putting up one parasol after another, and was so convinced that he had struck a good line that he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Oo, muvver, look what I got!" Only a few yards away, a man who looked like a kind of obscene bird—for he had an enormous beak of a nose and a round glaring glass eye—was saying "Perfect! Perfect!" For a minute or two I could not understand what he was talking about—for the glass eye was misleading—but then I saw that he was referring to the ugliest wash-hand stand I have ever seen. It had a pink marble top—with a place for a mirror, but no mirror—and was made of a greeny-yellow deal. A cynical little boy, with an uncommonly large head, was busy opening the drawers of this nightmare piece of furniture, for the benefit of a dubious patron, and it was these drawers that were perfect. Behind was a card that said "Free Delivery Within Reason," which might serve as a good motto for a philosopher.

A young conjurer was in attendance on this last visit of mine. He was dressed in a greasy frock coat, blue uniform trousers and hob-nailed boots, and he had two objects in life, one to make the little boys "stand back, there," and the other to induce twelve sportsmen to throw a penny each into the ring before he began his next and greatest trick. Nevertheless, he seemed to be a very good conjurer, making things appear and disappear as though these few square feet of market were the stage at Maskelyne's. The only thing he could not control, apparently, was dirt, for he was almost lost in it. A little magic with soap and water and he would have seemed a new conjurer altogether.

It was when I had left his audience, after taking the part of all twelve sportsmen, and had decided to leave the Market that I saw the only thing there I wanted to buy. The reason why I did not buy it was simply that it was too big. I saw among the usual jumble of stuff on one of the humbler stalls, a very large framed certificate, with crossed English and American flags at the top; and this is what it announced to the world: "Anglo-American School of Embalming. Diploma. The O.K. Buckhout Chemical Company Ltd. of Kalamazoo, Michigan, U.S.A., and London, England, hereby certifies that Arthur Sherry of London has attended a series of Lectures and Demonstrations and has under the instructions of Professor Renovard become thoroughly familiar with the science of Embalming." What a diploma, and what a world! Arthur Sherry—Embalming—the O.K. Buckhout Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan!

Well, if the worst comes to the worst—as it may have done with Arthur Sherry and even O.K. Buckhout—we can always put some odds and ends in the last of our suitcases, and set up as traders in the Caledonian Market.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
 * Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

TRUTH AND JOURNALISM

SIR,—May I add a supplementary paragraph to the interesting letter of J. C. MacGregor? It is of present importance, and perhaps the most notable instance of the journalism that misleads. Whenever the Alsatian question is brought into prominence, the newspapers speak of an "Alsatian dialect" to explain the differences of language between France and Alsace, and readers are left to draw what inferences they may from this carefully calculated terminology. We seem here to be in the presence of a great inhibition or taboo rather like the one associated with the names of certain ancient deities. In the course of a fairly wide survey of current journalism, I have seen this inhibition escape the censor on one occasion only. This occurred last summer when *The Times*, in the course of a lengthy diagnosis of the "Alsatian sickness," ventured to utter the forbidden word, "tripping delicately on pointed tread" in this wise: "It would be affectation to deny that the language of the Alsations is German."

I am, etc.,

Ilford

FRANK GIBBON

ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—It seems inevitable that Electoral Reform will be sought in the near future. May I point out that Proportional Representation, or the Alternative Vote, only solve half the problem? They ensure true representation of the people in Parliament: but they do not ensure legislation in accordance with the people's wishes. In fact, by ensuring the perpetuation of small parties they make it almost inevitable that legislation will be the outcome of post-election bargains rather than of pre-election programmes submitted to the people.

Any kind of Electoral Reform, to be worthy of the name, must include the Referendum.

I am, etc.,

N. H. WILSON

FAIR PLAY

SIR,—Many thanks are due to you for the very steady and consistent view you have taken of the present Government in the first four paragraphs in your issue of June 22 in 'Notes of the Week.'

Those who are giving what you so justly describe as an elaborate welcome to it do not seem to understand even the A B C of the psychological outlook of its members, who merely view the welcome, not as emanating from any generosity of spirit but as sheer weakness, in much the same spirit as the tiresome child of nursery or school views the constant promises of toys and sweets if only it will do as it is wanted.

I am, etc.,

(MRS.) LOUISA E. MERCER

18 Kensington Court Place, W.8

SIR,—The irrefutable axiom of Lord Beaconsfield is that the *raison d'être* of an "opposition" is "to oppose." That is as imperative in the Parliament of King George V as it was in that of the good Queen Victoria. Liberals and Unionists ought to oppose on every opportunity, singly or doubly, the Labour Government, in or out of Westminster.

Nothing could be more apposite than the acid-drop in your issue of June 22 about "the lavish use

of soft soap" in the misnomer of "fair play" for the Ministry of Mr. MacDonald. The "fair play" which the Labour Party has earned is a strenuous, an unflagging, and an unremitting opposition of those on the Left of the Speaker, as retribution for their unpatriotic and Communistic participation in the general strike of miners and trade unionists in 1926.

The Prime Minister boasted recently that "he is a Socialist because he is against all class war, and that he is a Socialist because he believes in (or is in favour of) "a National Party," presumably on a First, a Second, or a Soviet International basis of all employers, and of all employees, irrespective of creed, colour, or country. That is a mental hallucination, or the dream of a disordered intellect, far transcending any of the impracticable phylacteries of Karl Marx to inaugurate an "Earthly Paradise." If the general strike was not a class war, first, second, and all the fortnight, there never was one between Capital and the Nation on the one side, and Labour, Socialists and Communists on the other. Mr. MacDonald strongly advocated and has never repudiated that class war. It was a calculated attack to upset all constitutional administration in Great Britain by force or by mob law.

I am, etc.,

Dundee

THOMAS OGILVY

LESSONS OF THE ELECTION

SIR,—The battle over, the vanquished can well pause to reflect upon the weaknesses in the political armour so that when next a conflict arises the victory will be won. First, we want a democratization in the party machine, with the view not merely to selection of the fittest candidates, irrespective of wealth, but to enlist young and old men and women concerned with social welfare to address meetings, as the paid propagandist is not always a free agent nor one fully endowed with experience. Secondly, at the elections we are too prone to ignore our record—the definite principles at stake between ourselves and the Labour Party—also our posters were not always of the best.

In our Party committees, wealth, social standing, without perhaps too great an acquaintance with the outside world, play too conspicuous a part. Our junior organizations are sometimes inclined to be dominated by those who have done good in the past, but their outlook is far from up to date.

Every association should seek to utilize young blood. A secretary quite apart from the agent should be elected by the local association. Finally, let us discuss reform in our constituencies, sending our best minds to represent us at conferences, party councils, and not those who may be ornamental—or possess a well-filled purse. We have a great leader in Mr. Baldwin but we do require more practical sympathy from the autocracy at the central office. Mr. Vaughan-Morgan's idea is deserving of consideration, as we as a movement do not coalesce for a unity of front but rather we separate in various compartments. A London Candidates' Club is also needed.

I am, etc.,

" GALLOVIDIAN "

" PROSPECTING THE PAST "

SIR,—I am sorry if in my letter of June 15 I was guilty of ambiguity, but judging by Mr. Massingham's reply in your issue of June 29, I must have been. I quite understood that his comments "looseness of statement, etc.," and "wholly meaningless" referred to the quotations extracted from Mr. McPherson's work and not to the whole. It was because later in his review he made a statement to which, in my estimation, these comments equally applied that I ventured to point out its unscientific implication. This

statement was, "It is the greatest possible mistake to suppose that the very earliest religions are fear-ridden," and he quoted the Pyramid Texts as an instance. The fact that the Pyramid Texts are the earliest religious documents known was never in dispute. I must refer Mr. Massingham to my letter again where I emphasized—or overweighted—the point that the term "very earliest" is entirely misleading in this respect and that the consensus of anthropological opinion contradicts his statement.

However, all this is beside the point, for apparently Mr. Massingham regards the work of a Tylor, a Frazer or a Keith, etc., as sheer invention. These obsessed scientists have been "leading us up the garden"—though apparently not the garden of Eden—and Mr. Massingham has seen through their game.

As for *a priori* assumptions, I should like to know what Mr. Massingham regards as evidence and what other explanation he has of the evolution of these phenomena. "Primitive" man has a conception of life after death, also of life and fertility, etc.; but of "gods" and "spirits," no. The physiological truth that "identical organs function in an identical manner" must be revised to suit Mr. Massingham by the addition of "in some ways but not in others." He will assume the part but not the whole. The conclusions of a whole host of authorities show that there is no doubt whatever that the origin of the religious or god-idea arose in ignorance and fear.

In conclusion, might I suggest that most scientific hypotheses are assumptions, the only difference between them being that some assumptions are more probable, or "work" better, or, if you like, are "truer" than others? If it were not for assumptions neither Mr. Massingham, nor I, nor anybody else would know anything about anything. We assume existence at the outset and then assume innumerable methodological concepts to group together what we regard as different phenomena. "Force," "energy," "ether," "mass," "motion," "gravitation"—all are assumptions.

Take the conception of the moon's path as an instance. Tycho Brahé kept to the epicycle theory: that worked; Kepler introduced the conception of the ellipse: so did that. Later, other deviations compelled the abandonment of this assumption and another was formed. Later still, Mr. George Darwin introduced another—that of a continually enlarging spiral. All these are assumptions and they all work. What is the matter with scientific assumptions, anyway?

I am, etc.,

W. THOMPSON

68 Grange Road,
Purley Oaks, Surrey

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE

SIR,—Owing to an obstruction of traffic down the highway I have lately allowed a by-pass to be made in my digestive system. When I drowsed lazily under the influence of dopes, I rejoiced in the fancy that my troubles would soon be ended. But no such thing. For now that the by-pass appears to be in perfect working order, I have been given a list of rules that are to be strictly adhered to for three months—or longer—and among them is one that fills me with despair. I long for the advice of a larger world than my own conscience. Rule 7: "No smoking for three months, and afterwards only in the strictest moderation. In tobacco, particularly in cigarettes, lies the greatest danger!"

Now every time that I smoke a cigarette, which is fairly often, I despise myself for my weakness of will; I am in a funk because of the danger, although I do not know what it is. My misery when smoking is only exceeded by my misery when I do not smoke. The problem, to smoke or not to smoke, distracts my mind all day from any lighter problem,

such as whether I shall or shall not masticate thoroughly—see Rule 1.

Could not "Quaero" point out that, to me, unrecognized danger in such a way that I could never want to smoke again; or Mr. J. B. Priestley provide me with some really consoling reason for continuing to smoke; or could anybody explain to me why my conscience should be so sensitive in this matter while failing to be in the least disturbed by disobeying Rule 1, or by eating twice-cooked meat?—see Rule 9.

I am, etc.,

A DISCHARGED PATIENT

VIDOCQ

SIR,—Permit me to express my thanks to you for publishing a review of my book on Vidocq in your issue of June 22.

While I am duly sensible of the honour thus accorded me, my feelings towards the reviewer are not quite so grateful. Ostensibly he was supposed to review my book, but as a matter of fact, after quoting a trite proverb which has been dragged into nearly every account so far published of this record of an adventurous life, he proceeds to tell a story about some gentleman in Edinburgh, and then finds fault with my English rendering of the French word *originairement*. This method of reviewing may perhaps be fitly described as labour-saving. But to suppose that I did not know that the literal translation of that word was "originally" is rather ingenuous, not to say childish. Vidocq has been described as "*originairement*" honest, yet to have called him in plain English originally honest would have been absurd, seeing that as a boy he robbed both his parents. Perhaps it would have been more accurate to have called him primarily or fundamentally honest, but surely this is a quibble, and I venture to submit that the interest of my book has not been affected one way or the other by my adopting as a compromise the word organically.

I am, etc.,

Oriental Club, E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS
Hanover Square, W.1

GENERAL GORDON

SIR,—I am engaged on the collection of material for a book upon the last twelve years of General Gordon's life.

If any of your readers happen to possess any original letters or to have first-hand reminiscences of General Gordon bearing on the years 1873 to 1885, I should be much obliged if they would communicate with me at 345 St. Ermin's, Westminster, S.W.1.

I am, etc.,

St. Ermin's, BERNARD M. ALLEN
Westminster, S.W.1

FORTY-EIGHT

BY T. EARLE WELBY

I HAVE but gone the general way of men:
Sunk but a fraction deeper in the mire;
Risen, when at all, a doubtful hair's-breadth higher;
Cropped with the herd, and known the common pen;
Desired my kind as they desire, and then
Cried out, no more than they, upon desire;
Half-warmed my hands before a half-lit fire:
I have but gone the general way of men.

How is it now in retrospect I see
Things so far beyond the reach of me?
Disaster in the game I never played;
And Actium when the fated galleys flee;
And Hamlet musing on our mystery;
And Jesus in me, by myself betrayed.

THE THEATRE

HOME AT THE HAYMARKET

BY IVOR BROWN

The First Mrs. Fraser. By St. John Ervine. Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

IT was good to have Harry himself again—in the person of Mr. Ainley, home at the Haymarket. It does not seem so long ago that he was giving us his rufous, sinister, profound Macbeth, but it is, in fact, thirty months and he was a sick man then. Now he is back, abundant in energy and full in voice, the finest masculine voice of our time for the delivery of dialogue which has anything worth such dispatch. Mr. Ervine provides matter for this music: he is not the dramatist to limit speech to the feeble "ye-ahs" that are drawn into the cocktail-glasses of modish comedy. Mr. Ainley's part, that of a self-made Scot who was really made by his first wife, a large, foolish, lovable lump of mortality, is rich in character. The dolt who gets on because of one sharp quality and remains doltish in three-fourths of his nature is an excellent fellow for stage-life; he wins an unsentimental sympathy. Were he too much the inflated egoist the loyalty of his first wife, under extreme provocation, might be unnatural and intolerable. Women do stick to some queer, deplorable creatures and there is nothing that is beyond the strange scope of human love and allegiance. Men have abandoned all for the craziest causes and the paltriest princes, and women have loved, honoured, and obeyed the lords whose deserts were whipping. Nothing is impossible to fidelity. But here the balance is just. We know why Mrs. Fraser took back the damaged specimen that was James. Mr. Ervine does not rub it in, but it is another case of "What every woman knows." John Shand was a Scot, too.

The first Mrs. Fraser is housed elegantly in Knightsbridge: obviously she is a woman of judgment, for she has Mr. Aubrey Hammond as her architect and decorator and the books on her shelves are real books, not the monotonous rows of dummy ledgers that strangely occupy most book-cases on the stage. James Fraser can evidently afford good alimony; there is one son married and another just down from Oxford, an amiable stripling whose young love of a smart phrase is not so stressed as to make us dislike him for a cub. The first Mrs. Fraser has a strolling admirer in Philip Logan, who amuses her with his hospitality and bores her with his talk about fishing. Obviously Mr. Graham Browne's part. Does Mr. Browne ever get through a comedy without being rejected by Miss Tempest, falling into an armchair and exclaiming, with the most delicious calm of slothful satisfaction, "I've lived a wasted sort of a life"? Well, here he is again, buying flowers and seats for the theatre and sauntering into courtship with the quietude of one whose recreation is inevitably fishing.

In comes James Fraser. His first wife's flat can still serve him as scene of the confessional. He has messed things up. His Elsie, a generation younger than himself, had married him for his money, while he, the old stupid, had thought to be young again, to be a veritable dragon among the lounge-lizards, and to apply to negro shuffles the limbs more natural to the golf-course. Of course, Elsie could stand a wealthy husband for a year or two, but scarcely a bad dancer. In any case there was a Dago, who could dance, and the heir to a high title who could be acquired. Elsie wanted a divorce and wanted it with ease and honour for herself. James was to give the cause and she was to have the marquis in public and the dancer in private. Here even James protested and took

the extreme step of coming to the first Mrs. Fraser for advice and consolation; so, less plausibly, did the second Mrs. Fraser. This presented Miss Marie Tempest with a nice chance to rule the situation. Fine comedy was promised and the promise was observed.

I shall not explain how the first wife handled the second; it is enough to say that the construction of the scenes is ingenious and that the second-act curtain is most adroit. But the power of invention was best displayed at the close. What had Mr. Ervine left himself to do but bring sage wife and silly husband together again? Wisely he remembers that such affairs become everybody's business. There are the sons. They, too, have character, are distinct, existing, likeable creatures and not just mouthers of facetious epigram or idle fillers of the scene. So we have the natural family reactions which are always so delightful and so rare upon the stage. Many dramatists fail to remember that for most people relations are a major part of life. Their characters gyrate in a void; no brothers bicker, no sons and daughters and cousins and aunts make awkward interventions. Theirs is a world of sex only, of gusty little passions with all the normal affections and embarrassments left out. But things have been improving lately. Mr. van Druten has treated the "stage-set" as a place that is lived in instead of as a place that is tediously loved in, and now Mr. Ervine has saved a subject often made wearisome by reminding us that there is always the family point of view. Adultery and divorce have been made to seem dull beyond words by the writers who like to be thought broad-minded but are really more narrow than any prude because they can only see life as a string of lecheries. Elsie Fraser is indeed the lecherous, greedy little baggage who has gone slinking through dozens of Deauville comedies and is featured day after day in the photo-press to be unto the young women of the nation an example of all human splendour. Place her among human realities and she takes her proper place as insignificant and yet appalling. Elsie is exactly right in this play, not merely because Miss Ursula Jeans plays the part with admirable shrewdness and humour, but because the creature is seen in proportion, surrounded and finally suppressed by those who have the ordinary instincts of friendship and of pride.

Miss Tempest, as the first Mrs. Fraser, is released from the tyranny of gaiety and the glittering bondage of that waywardness to which she has so often condemned herself. Usually we watch her manœuvring for fun, and an exquisite spectacle it is. Now she manœuvres because she feels, speaks her mind about the necessary revolt of the old against the young, is menacing instead of mischievous, and is wise with gravity instead of being witty with caprice. It is good that this should be, for she can wear the mien of righteous indignation and kindle the fire of an outraged sentiment with even more skill than that which decorates her frail and fluttering parts. What did it matter if occasionally she paused for a line on the first night? I have no objection to prompters earning their living now and then. The point was the perfect emphasis and clarity of the line when it came, a quality matched by Mr. Ainley's beautiful diction, balm for sore ears in a theatre little used to actors who speak to their audience instead of to their neckties. The cast has been well-chosen and Mr. Graham Browne's production is smooth and never muddles a point with fussy cleverness. Mr. Robert Andrews and Mr. Frank Allenby, as the sons, confirm the nice variety of character which is in the parts; how often do we see in the theatre any recognition that children "take after" their parents? In this case it was amusingly manifest which was the mother's and which the father's son. In short, this is a full comedy.

MUSIC

AN APOCRYPHAL OPERA

IT has always been the honourable custom of the powers that have ruled, under varying titles, at Covent Garden to make a more or less quinquennial gesture which may be described as patting English opera on the back. It is a gesture at once patriotic and patronizing, and the pat has sometimes seemed dreadfully like a push, which has sent these English novelties flying down the back stairs of the last week in the season—never to recover from the fall. It was not, therefore, altogether to the advantage of Eugene Goossens's 'Judith' to be produced at what should be our national opera-house. One could hardly avoid the feeling that the occasion would combine, as before, the rites of birth and of burial. Only a masterpiece could survive such an atmosphere of prejudice, and this was the first essay in opera by both the composer and his librettist.

Opera is not a form in which success can be achieved by inexperienced hands, and it may even be a disadvantage for an author who has won distinction in the different sphere of the novel and the germane but still very different sphere of the drama to undertake the writing of a libretto. The requirements of music must modify the dramatic technique of the playwright, or the composer has no chance. A seeming exception such as 'Pelléas et Mélisande' only confirms this statement, for Maeterlinck's dramatic method and his literary style cried out for musical setting and required not the alteration of a syllable. Mr. Arnold Bennett has written an excellent one-act drama in semi-biblical prose, but his play is self-sufficient. "Ah! It is of Judith the Prince deigns to enquire" is, in spite of an awkwardness in the arrangement of the vocables, good enough as spoken dialogue, but it is not, in the grammarian's phrase, meet to be sung. With so much of this kind of speech in the libretto it is hardly surprising that the composer should have concentrated his musical interest in the orchestra and left the voices to declaim the words in a style which has no character. In theory it is quite possible to defend such a proceeding. The drama is carried on in the orchestra, and the singers on the stage particularize the action, explaining it by their words. But thereby the composer throws away one of his most powerful weapons, the ability to define his characters in the contours of their vocal phrases. Where all the persons on the stage use the same colourless idiom, they have no existence as musical personalities, with whom it is the business of opera to deal.

In such a case the orchestra might conceivably come to the rescue, delineating the characters as well as developing the action. But it is a heavy task, and one which I do not believe the orchestra can perform successfully in an opera in which the figures must be more sharply limned and the dramatic tension drawn tighter than is necessary in a symphonic poem. In the poem-form composers have always succeeded better with psychological drama than with the drama of action. However that may be, 'Judith' does not prove an exception to the rule. For, notwithstanding the skill, astonishing even in these days, which makes the score a marvel of ingenuity with some pages of ravishing sound, Goossens has not only been so pre-occupied with the texture of the music, but has woven that texture to such a uniform thickness that before long one wearies of it. In the first few pages he sets his full forces in motion and keeps them going at high pressure until the end. The result is that all the elaborate cross-rhythms cancel one another out, and we can perceive nothing but a vast machine churning away remorselessly, monotonously.

There seems to be no attempt to give to the various persons in the drama music which would characterize them, and after the simple utterance of the voice of Achior (which would have been more impressive without the accompaniment of chatter from the late entrants to the theatre) there appeared to be no attempt to differentiate musically between Judith, Holofernes and Bagoas. The even pressure and similarity of all the music, which extended even to the dances performed before Holofernes—and here, at least, was an opportunity for the introduction of some variety—also abolished the possibility of any climax, musical or dramatic. If it be said that Goossens intended to abandon the ordinary conventions of opera and do something new, I can only reply that it seems senseless to write a work in a certain form, to neglect all the advantages of that form, and to substitute nothing else for them.

These are technical faults, but there is a spiritual fault, which is more radical. The story of Judith has in itself no tragic quality. It deals with murder treacherously committed in peculiarly revolting circumstances. The author of the version in the Apocrypha redeems it from sordidness by the attribution to Judith of a religious and patriotic motive, which raises her action out of the sphere of the Police Court News into that of epic tragedy. Mr. Bennett retains the motive, though without achieving the intense fervour of the original, and those who saw the play, 'Judith,' at the Kingsway Theatre some years ago, will remember that the murder was the climax of an action in which political satire played a considerable part. Goossens, however, has thrown all the emphasis upon the erotic aspect of the story, which is described orchestrally with the most vivid realism. He fails entirely to portray musically the religious ecstasy of his heroine. In this respect, and in this respect alone, does 'Judith' bear any resemblance to 'Salome,' with which one has heard it so often compared. Goossens's music has neither the sensuous melody nor the dramatic resource which relieve the sadism of Strauss's work.

The performance of the opera, conducted by the composer, was excellent so far as the orchestra was concerned—and, as we have seen, it was more concerned than anyone else. Mr. Arthur Fear made a very good impression as Holofernes, and Mr. Dennis Noble's voice, mechanically amplified, gave the right note of solemnity to Achior's prophecy. As the composer expressly asks in his score for clear enunciation as being "vital to the dramatic effect of the opera," it seems unfortunate that the chief part should have been entrusted to a foreign singer whose command of English was insufficient to make her words audible. There was little to complain of Mme. Ljungberg's singing and acting. Mr. Widdop's Bagoas has been the occasion of so much ribald comment that one can only suppose that his make-up was designed to compensate for the absence of humour in his performance of the single comic rôle in the piece.

H.

BROADCASTING

IN the current number of the *Radio Times* an enlightening series on 'The Wireless Play' reaches its sixth and last article. The number of plays sent in for selection by the B.B.C. is so large that the Productions Director, who writes these articles, has felt that the time is ripe for a discussion of some of the problems connected with broadcast drama, that the aspiring author of this type of play may be helped into the right ways of work, and both he and those who are asked to con his play as a preliminary to producing it may be spared unnecessary toil. It is clear that the radio-play is of a nature quite other than the theatre-play, and that it is

governed by a range of laws—artistic, æsthetic, philosophical—peculiar to itself. What these laws are, practitioners of the radio-play are only just starting to discover. That they do exist is certain, and that it is imperative to discover them by incessant experiment the present conjectural state of the radio-play plainly shows. But although things as they now are seem unsatisfactory there is no gainsaying the vitality of effort displayed at Savoy Hill. These six articles are a fresh proof of that activity.

Three of the articles deal with matters of the technique of writing for wireless production, and they should be studied by all who have it in mind to employ this means. The question of length is gone into, and a reasonable time-limit of an hour and a half fixed as most suitable for fitting into a day's programme. There is much to be learnt, in the fourth article, about the mysteries of the control panel, and some expert advice about the number of studios to employ. Finally, a practical example of radio-play is given, with excerpts from the script.

When the author approaches the æsthetics of the radio-play the disquieting effect of popularizing an art becomes apparent. Why write down? Is it a wise policy to take the meanest intelligence as your aim? These questions will have to be faced in the near future. Here the Productions Director sails perilously near a demand for an intentionally cheap standard of expression. He asks that characters shall be taken for broadcast plays "who produce a definitely sympathetic and charming atmosphere which makes the development of their circumstances interesting to the audience. . . ." He mentions Seton Merriman, Anthony Hope and John Buchan as examples of character-mongers to be studied. Are, then, all the verities to be banished from the broadcast play? Are we to turn away from Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, to mention only moderns, as models for this kind of work? What, then, is to become of this art, which, according to the author, strives to provide "a drama of real people for real people"? Shades of the Elizabethans! Miss V. Sackville-West has asked, "Where are the Shaws and Barries of the wireless?" Whoever these budding playwrights may be, their future is anything but assured as long as these mythical "real people" hold the fort.

For those who had heard Stravinsky's ballet 'Le Baiser de la Fée' in Paris last year the broadcast will have held no disappointment. Weak as it is with the stage, it could hardly have been expected to be anything but bare without it. 'Apollo' stands transplantation rather better.

In next week's list are these items: Monday: Mr. P. B. Ballard on 'The Danger of Monotonous Work' (2LO). Tuesday: Mr. T. S. Eliot on 'The Literature of Travel' (2LO), Mr. W. E. Salt on 'Adult Education in Villages' (Cardiff and Swansea) and Mr. D. Wilson MacArthur on 'Behind the Scenes in a Film Studio' (Scotland). Wednesday: Mr. H. B. Butler on 'Coal as a World Problem' (2LO), and Mr. H. G. Wells's talk on 'World Peace' (2LO). Thursday: Mr. C. O. Lim on 'China To-Day' (2LO), and a symphony concert from Bournemouth (also 5GB). Friday: Mr. R. H. Gretton on 'Gladstone and the Modern Cabinet Ascendancy' (2LO), Miss E. Newcombe on 'Industrial Gardens' (North of England) and Miss F. Marian McNeill on 'Scottish Hospitality in Olden Times' (Aberdeen). Saturday: Mr. J. T. Halliday on 'Great Houses of the North' (North of England).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—175

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Sonnet (in Italian form) addressed by a Very Nervous Batsman to a Very Fast Bowler, who, in the interval between the Octave and the Sextet, bowls him Very Painfully off his ribs.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best collection (not more than five) of remarks overheard from strangers. Those which stimulate the imagination are to be preferred. No remark, including any necessary explanation, should run to more than 75 words.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 175A, or LITERARY 175B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 15. The results will be announced in the issue of July 20.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 173

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering in Tennysonian blank verse—not less than ten and not more than twenty lines—of the following narrative:

When Good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

B. A very young apprentice to journalism, fresh from school, is for the first time allowed by the editor of a provincial daily to try his hand at book-reviewing. The book sent to him is a new edition of 'Pride and Prejudice.' The reviewer imagines that he is dealing with a new and unknown author, and he shares the widespread belief that vigorous fault-finding is an essential part of criticism. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best attempt at his review, which must not exceed four hundred words.

REPORT FROM MR. BULLETT

173A. Tennyson, it seems, is excellent bait: all the good fish in the sea have leapt at him, and some others that are not so good. On the whole I am disappointed; for among numerous respectable entries there is not one that seems to me conspicuously good.

There are, however, conspicuously good passages here and there, perhaps the best of all being Pibwob's

Commingled gobbets wrought of unctuous lard,
Huge as the coupled volume of my thumbs.

I think the first prize must go to Valimus (although I cannot believe that Tennyson would have tolerated the false accent in "perfect" or such a phrase as "remnants that remained"), and the second prize to Seacape. Lester Ralph, J. M. Oldfield, Josephine Ewing and H. C. M. are commended.

FIRST PRIZE

So went the King; not like that Arthur who,
With lifted lance in joust and tournament,
Shone in the eyes of ladies and of knights
At Camelot, but all the king laid by,
And moving as a beggar through the fields
To steal their golden harvest, held in store
Like some old treasure in the ancient hills.
He, in a sinless evil falsely good,
Bare home the mealy burden to the Hall,
And with the hand that drew Excalibur
Dropp'd in the sparkling crystal of the spring,
And swiftly stirr'd and kneaded, tossing down
The luscious phums, and fat to perfect all.
So in the lighted palace, with the dusk
Came Lancelot, and the Table, and the Queen,
To eat with Arthur what his hands had made;
And at the dawn rose Guinevere, and held
With faint cold hands the remnants that remain'd
Above the kindl'd ashes, till they burn'd
Brown in the golden chalice of the King.

VALIMUS

SECOND PRIZE

Thereafter, when King Arthur made a realm
And ruled this isle, he was a goodly king.
And once—so runs the tale—when, all unarmed,
He rode, at break of day, across the downs,
He chanced upon a sack of barley-meal,
Whereof three pecks; and, stooping, caught it up,
And so returned. For it was his design
To serve his table with a sweetmeat round.
Then Arthur swathed the meal in cloth of flax,
And forced it well with plums, and therein laid
Full many a generous measure of rich lard,
Each measure ample as a man's two thumbs,
And put the whole to boil. The sweetmeat served,
Thereof King Arthur and Queen Guinevere
And all the knighthood of the Table Round
Did eat their fill; and so much as remained
Queen Guinevere upon the morrow took,
And set in circlets on a silver pan;
And cooked anew, and in another guise,
The goodly sweetmeat that King Arthur made.

SEACAPE

173B. Some of the "vigorous fault-finding," although supplied according to recipe, came from the heart. That, however, is an "aside." I have made a great deal of trouble for myself by describing my "young apprentice to journalism" in rather vague terms, and particularly by failing to indicate whether or not he could write tolerable prose. Lester Ralph evidently thinks he could, and he is perfectly entitled to think so; other competitors, being of the contrary opinion, have gone out of their way (or so I hope) to write badly. In this dilemma I am forced to steer a middle course and to give preference to entries which, while displaying a general incompetence, are no worse than reviews we have all seen in print. The funniest entry is Pibwob's, but it is quite impossible that any newspaper, however provincial, would have innocently printed it. After painful thought I have come to the conclusion that B. Medway's entry combines ignorance and impudence in the most suitable and creditable proportions. For the second prize I suggest Pantarei. And to competitors who submitted intelligently written reviews I offer my apologies.

FIRST PRIZE

'Pride and Prejudice' harks back to George the Third's reign, and deals with the courtship of a stand-

offish squire by a determined maiden. Their love-affairs, with the love-affairs and intrigues of sundry other couples, drawn out to a length of several hundred pages, combine to make quite a storm in a tea-cup.

The book is not without merit. The dialogue is often humorous and in parts rises to the level of real wit, as in the passages where the writer pokes sly fun at the ponderous Mr. Collins, or depicts for us Mr. Bennett, caustically resigned to his fate as the father of the fair and the spouse of a fool, when he would rather be a Benedict behind a barricade of books.

Unfortunately, like most young writers who turn to the past for copy, Miss Austen is often caught napping. This is notably the case in the licence of speech and action some of her female characters enjoy. Her misconception of the position of women in George the Third's days brands her ringleted be-flounced puppets "Made in the twentieth century." For instance, no gentlewoman of that era, not even intrepid Elizabeth Bennett, would have flouted Mrs. Grundy so far as to stride miles alone in country lanes—as soon would she have played tennis in socks. And as for the minx Lydia, we perceive the trail of the modern flapper over all her sayings and doings.

We repeat that the book is not without merit. Its theme would bear—and gain from—resetting in an environment where there would be no necessity for capturing a "zeitgeist" alien to the author's own. The silly mamma and bored papa at variance on the question of what is desirable in sons-in-law, the young ladies and their suitors coming to grief between the two parties, and love, ambition and folly respectively finding a way out of the impasse—even hampered by the la-la-ishness of bygone days, laboriously reproduced by research in the British Museum, the situation gives us furiously to laugh.

Our advice to Miss Jane Austen is to do it again or something very like it. And to leave Georgian England to the Georgians. But we are afraid she won't.

B. MEDWAY

SECOND PRIZE

It would appear that the success of some woman writers like E. M. Dell and Ruby M. Ayres has induced "all and sundry" to try their hand at novel writing.

No doubt the publishers must be assumed to know their business, and therefore it must be supposed that Miss Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice' has somewhere found favour as a business proposition. Of that point of view we cannot pretend to speak; but from the literary angle we claim to be able to give our readers a truthful and unbiased valuation of the work. It is perhaps best to begin at the commencement (*in medias res*, as the Latin authors say). The book purports to be an account of the matrimonial adventures of the female members of a family called Bennett.

No doubt Miss Austen is well advised in avoiding the conscious jargon of Mr. Freud, but the whole book is impregnated with sex, thinly disguised in portentous conversations. In fact, we should imagine that Miss Austen had attempted to imitate (quite unsuccessfully) the brilliant dialogue of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Of plot there is no suggestion. There are balls and tea-parties; a young lady elopes with a suave scoundrel, and two other young ladies secure wealthy husbands. There is some slight skill shown in handling female character, and it is possible occasionally to distinguish the authors of certain remarks. But the men are pitiful. The insufferable parson, Collins, is at once an insult to man and to the Church. Darcy reminds one of the 'Fair Maid of Perth' in the prodigious length of his observations, which are, at any rate, full of the highest moral platitudes.

Bingley is a kind of floating shadow, and remains so throughout the book, while the ineffable idiocy of Mrs. Bennett and the vulgarity of Lady Catharine are too impossible even to be funny. Elizabeth, the protagonist, is full of introspection and is always endeavouring either to explain her own motives or judge those of others.

There is no action worth mentioning; the excitement over Lydia's elopement is shortlived, and everything ends in marriage. In these days, when marriage is the last thing that independent and energetic young women think of, we cannot help thinking that this book, without verve or character, is bound to fail dismally.

PANTAREI

BACK NUMBERS—CXXXII

WITH the exception of the *Manchester Guardian*, there is no paper with so little reason to shrink from looking into its dramatic criticisms of long ago as this. THE SATURDAY, with G. B. S. and Max to speak for it, was on the side of the angels in the matter of Ibsen, though it must be added that years before the production of any of Ibsen's plays in England this paper had refused an article on him by the youthful Gosse through suspicion that the dramatist was a Mrs. Harris. In reconsidering what Saturday Reviewers said of Ibsen in the years in which he was a novelty, however, it is necessary to recall what others were saying about him. There are battles in which the intelligent simply cannot afford to concede anything to the enemy, when he is in possession of a half-truth. Had Ibsen's reception forty years ago been even moderately respectful, propaganda on his behalf might well have taken a milder tone.

Forgetting old unhappy things and battles long ago, and trying to express what Ibsen means to one Saturday Reviewer to-day, I find myself in a difficulty. All great masters make on one the impression of opulence undrawn upon, or drawn upon casually. But Ibsen, in what seems the most characteristic part of his work, impresses one as carefully, fanatically, rather meanly making the most of himself. Of his greatness there can be no question, but it strikes me as the greatness of a man who has scraped and contrived, found uses for what others thought not worth the using, pieced torn things together, rather than created imperially as Shakespeare and Balzac create. There are fortunes made out of rags and bones and candle-ends; and there are moments when Ibsen seems to be the man whose wealth came out of the literary equivalents of such things, and only just sufficed him for his purposes.

I say that out of an impulse, recurrent indeed, but still no more than an impulse. No one not a complete fool would think that the final truth about so great a writer. But it is part of the truth, and at this time of day there is no reason why it should not be uttered. It should be qualified by admission that in part the effect may be due to the unloveliness of the man's world and in part to the literary character of his chief translator. The first half of the admission does not help Ibsen much. When Ruskin said that the characters in some novel of George Eliot's were the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus he was, whether rightly or wrongly, criticizing the novelist rather than a section of London's population. Shakespeare or Balzac would have found more in them than George Eliot did. And in that northern society of Ibsen's, superficially less attractive than a club of sanitary inspectors, there may, indeed must, have been graces and endearing weaknesses which he could not or would not notice.

At the day of judgment it may very well be the defence of poor humanity and the discomfiture of the angels that the most of our vices have an element or aspect that is amiable. Many of them, in their finest practitioners, have a real distinction, and set a standard of style for the virtues. (Has anyone, I ask in parenthesis, ever known a teetotaler teetotal as gracefully

as some men exceed?) But in Ibsen's world intellect and stupidity, virtue and vice, aspiration and apathy, are alike parochial. What is not parochial is the mind which takes that world for its material. Its profound irony alone would save it triumphantly from any such condemnation.

Not that I subscribe to the judgment according to which Ibsen is the master ironist of the modern world. That position, it seems to me, belongs to Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, not because in one play, the 'Revolt,' he partly anticipated Ibsen, nor on account of his Symbolist drama, which cannot come into this argument, but because his irony is exercised, in his prophetic romances, from the standpoint of the poet. Ibsen was the prose dramatist as no one before him had ever been.

Assuredly, it is not because he wrote most of his typical dramas in prose; it is because his aim was that of the man who understands the special capacity of prose and uses the instrument for all it is worth. With so much good criticism written now, there remains oddly an absence of that fundamental criticism which enquires whether a prose writer is thoroughly utilizing his opportunities. When we have that, Ibsen will have a cubit added to his stature. How far he is making a virtue of necessity we need not stop to ask: the point is that he does make a virtue of it. The "stationing" power of prose, its ability to fix a character or event in the precise circumstances, with every detail telling fully, has probably never been used in drama so effectively; certainly not before him.

Prose has its limitations, especially when translated by the courageous, intelligent, stiff William Archer; but translator's peculiarities apart, Ibsen pays the price of using prose, in the special sense in which he uses it. There is at least one play of his in which he gets off with little damage: 'Ghosts,' in which heredity takes the place of antique conceptions of fate. But the writer who chooses, or is obliged, to cling to a prosaic relation of causes and effects is writing with his left hand because his right lacks skill or is atrophied.

Still, what a left hand! The way in which what is, at the moment of reading or hearing, trivial becomes charged with significance in the next Act; the admirable remorselessness; the faultless impartiality; the cleanliness of mind which enables this man to touch pitch as often as he likes and have the cleaner hands for it: who can praise these enough? Not I. And yet I remember Carlyle demanding angrily of the drama of his earlier day that it should show him something "musical and glorious." Is there much "musical and glorious" in Ibsen?

Is there a really great character in Ibsen? How can there be when all his best work is social drama? Man is greatest not in his relation to a social system, but in that profounder life in which society counts for nothing—the life of Lear, Othello, Hamlet, the life of scores of beings in Balzac, but of no one in Ibsen. His defence is that he gets the utmost out of his method, and it is up to a point a valid defence; but that it has to be made tells against the highest claim for him.

STET.

REVIEWS

WILLIAM COLLINS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Poems of William Collins. Edited by Edmund Blunden. Etchells and Macdonald. 18s.

THE completeness of the tragedy of William Collins to some extent prevents us from realizing how great it was. He was not a man, like Gray, with whom he is so often compared, whose small production was probably the measure of what he had in him to produce. He was of the order of great poets and should have written on a level with his greatness, had he not been interrupted by disease no less surely than Keats.

Mr. Blunden gives us a corrective, if somewhat hazy, account of him in his early years, when Gilbert White found him "too proud of his school attainments and too ready to believe that the world was at his feet." I am willing to agree with Mr. Blunden when he thinks that in this White was unjust, but the picture is useful as suggesting the young poet, whose precocious but not flashy genius and great learning entitled him to expect much of the world and the world to expect much of him. His career, after leaving Oxford, was not that of a man who was so soon to degenerate into a sterile and nerve-racked recluse. He sought a life of pleasure and society and, when his uncle, Colonel Martin, proposed that he should seek "a title to a curacy," he rejected the suggestion because, Mr. Blunden tells us, "the company of actors and pleasant vagabonds that met at Hardham's shop was not to be given up." The precise nature of his disease is not stated by Mr. Blunden or by any other authority that I have examined. He showed great sensitiveness of the nervous system before actually losing his reason and there seem to have been physical as well as mental symptoms—notably an excessive weakness of body. There seems to be no doubt that a body of poetry on the grand scale was lost to us by the effects of a definite disease, whether congenital or acquired, precisely as thus we lost the finished 'Hyperion' and 'King Stephen.'

I have a little laboured this point because, insensibly, one's opinion of the poetry that he did write may be affected by it. The comparison with Gray, as I have said, is a very common one and is very misleading. Gray's weaknesses seem to have been in their origins essentially mental and temperamental. He suffered from indolence and timidity of the intellect and we cannot say, as we can with Collins, that any force extraneous to himself precluded him from the full display of his genius. Perhaps, indeed, the defects of character that made him an intellectual valetudinarian also allowed him to cultivate to the utmost what poetry was in him. His is a carefully garnered harvest: the grains are so few that not one has been permitted to escape. But Collins, in his even smaller output, shows all the signs of abundance. The author of the 'Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland' had no reason to hoard his genius: he could afford to pour it out:

Unbounded is thy range; with varied stile
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a plemv-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And rulls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither where beneath the showery west
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest.
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:

Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs stalk with sovereign power
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

The writer of that (it was his last great poem, composed in the year when, according to Mr. Blunden, he "began to apprehend the decline of his mental powers") had no need to be niggardly or even careful with his inspiration. As by the gush of water from a spring one can tell how great a head there is behind it, so from something in a poet's style one can judge whether it comes from a great or small reservoir of poetry. Everything Collins did bore upon it the stamp of largeness: it would be as absurd to call him a poet in the miniature way as it would be to apply the same description to Keats.

That name, the reader will observe, shows a tendency to recur, and for other reasons, I think, than that both were so tragically interrupted in their work. One might almost say that it was left to Keats to do what Collins might have done. I do not know how far this was present in Keats's own mind: I cannot discover any allusion by him to Collins, except a bare mention of having heard a lecture by Hazlitt on this subject. But Keats's circle had some notion of his importance: Hunt, reviewing the 1817 volume, refers to those poets of the eighteenth century, including "Collins himself," who were "content with a great deal of second-hand workmanship, and with false styles made up of other languages and a certain kind of inverted cant." It was then almost impossible for a member of the revolutionizing school to be fair to the eighteenth century, but evidently Collins was regarded as being in some way exceptional.

Some such exceptionality was allowed him, with the same reservations, by all the literary historians of the next hundred years, and schoolboys were left with a vague impression that, like a pious cannibal in the South Seas, he did well according to his lights. But it was only by accident that he became the precursor of the return to nature in English poetry instead of its first mighty exponent. He, like Keats, both knew what was the strongest and most fertile influence in our literature and was capable of deriving benefit from it. Most of our poets have, no doubt, known as well as they, but only these two have rightly dared to be Shakespearean. There can be no doubt that Keats was advancing in that direction when he died: the fragment of 'Stephen' shows him capable of handling some elements in the master's style with every possibility of founding upon them a style of his own. There are, too, suggestions in the revised 'Hyperion' of an attempt to learn from Shakespeare how to do things which Shakespeare did not.

Collins was not, perhaps, so masterful in imitation, perhaps even more natural. In his day, the attempt was not quite so ambitious as it seemed three-quarters of a century later. But he was Shakespearean by consciously felt affinity. There was to him nothing extraordinary in writing an alternative dirge for Fidele or another song with a gloss affirming that the sentiments are borrowed from Shakespeare. The elements he aspired to take from the master were of the less terrific sort, but he did take them, and if he had lived in health might have done something epoch-making with them.

What he was permitted to do was to herald the new epoch and to preserve in English poetry a certain strain of combined sweetness and strength, which would not, perhaps, have perished without him but to which he rendered immortal service. The 'Ode to Evening' stands midway between the country-poetry of Shakespeare and the country-poetry of our own day. It is one of the things which inspire us even now, whether we are conscious of its direct influence or not, with the wish to preserve what we can of the England that Shakespeare and Collins knew, not

as a curiosity but as a possession of absolute value. It is one of the poems that pass into life and affect the actions of persons who are not conscious of having ever read them. If we could judge quantitatively, if some sort of measure of enjoyment afforded could be found, it might be necessary to reckon Collins as, in one sense, a minor poet. Even so, we should be obliged to reckon him also among the great by reason of his influence. But, while he wrote so little and while much of what he wrote, including his last important work which survives, is a little marred by a vocabulary which he would probably have discarded, his fifteen hundred existing lines convey so strong a sense of what I have called abundance that we can console ourselves with a very convincing vision of the poet that might have been, but for some infection or other.

A GREAT TALE OF ADVENTURE

The Adventures of Ralph Rashleigh. Edited by the Earl of Birkenhead. Cape. 7s. 6d.

BEFORE we can properly appreciate this very remarkable book, there are one or two preliminary points which need to be cleared up. We are asked to accept it as the genuine and authentic story of a penal exile in Australia between the years 1825 and 1844: the phraseology has been modernized, but otherwise it is untouched. And Lord Birkenhead, in his capacity as editor, opens his introduction with the pronouncement that "I am, on the whole, after consideration, of opinion that this volume of memoirs may be accepted as authentic." (After that, oddly enough, he says not another word about the book, but confines himself to a brilliant and most plausible defence of the old system of transportation, which it was apparently the precise purpose of this volume to expose and condemn.) As to the editorial pronouncement, it must be said that Lord Birkenhead is one of the greatest living authorities on law, on many political questions, and on cement or electricity—or whatever is the concern of the companies he now directs—but not on the authenticity of manuscripts. His expression of opinion on this point is unimpressive, and would be so even if we knew what steps he had taken to arrive at it.

On the other hand, those of Lord Birkenhead's readers who have, in the course of years, developed a certain critical acumen in these matters are in little better case; for the modernizing of the book has been so thorough that it has been virtually rewritten—the original has disappeared from view. We do not know whether this rewriting was done by the editor himself—we cannot quite see him at it—but, in any case, it was surely a mistake. It is absurd to put forward a work of this kind as authentic, while admitting that you have rewritten every line. And it is absurd to talk (as is done in the "publisher's note") of the necessity of removing "archaic" forms of expression, as though this were some medieval manuscript, instead of one of 1850. Above all, it was a fatal mistake on the part of Lord Birkenhead—or, shall we say, "his assistant editor"—to include among the illustrations reproductions of several pages of the original manuscript, from which we can plainly see that the rewriting, though well enough done, has simply had the effect of destroying the "atmosphere," removing that air of verisimilitude which is of infinitely greater importance, in this case, than any other question of style.

But even the original manuscript is not in the words of the convict himself. It was written by one who knew him, and conversed with him, and then wrote it down. Apart from that, and judging only from the few pages given here, it has all the appearance of authenticity. Also those statements of fact that can be checked are true. It comes to this, then,

that the volume before us consists of a written-up version of a written-up version of the convict's talk. With that we must be satisfied. But we cannot help thinking that there has been too much writing-up.

The story itself is an amazing record of adventure. Condemned to transportation for burglary, "Ralph Rashleigh" (an assumed name) was sent to Australia on a convict ship. He witnessed a desperate mutiny by the prisoners on the high seas, and when he got to Australia was subjected to such hardships and brutal treatment by the convict-overseers that the wonder is that he or any of his companions survived. We get many vivid pictures of the terrible life in the labour camps, and in the mines. He fell into the hands of a gang of bushrangers and was dragged round the country with them, though he refused to take an active part in their lurid crimes—so theatrically lurid, indeed, that he seems plainly to have exaggerated here. Eventually he was arrested, but escaped and got clean away to the unknown western parts of the country, and there lived peacefully among the aborigines for some years. (He must have been a singularly ugly man, by the way, for he had only to paint his face black to be mistaken for an aboriginal himself by everyone who saw him.) In the end he managed to rescue a white lady and her family who had been wrecked on that lonely coast. She was the wife of a high official, and in gratitude for his services she succeeded in procuring his liberty.

It is an amazing story and, quite apart from its undoubted historical value, never once loses its interest for any reader who can appreciate this kind of thrill. It must surely have been seen by Charles Reade before he wrote 'It is Never Too Late to Mend': some of the incidents are extraordinarily like those of that classic among adventure books. And another admirable story of the kind, though much less read now—the late E. W. Hornung's 'The Rogue's March'—seems also to owe something to it, no less than to Reade. But, indeed, there is material for half a dozen adventure books on every page. It is a noteworthy publication.

THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN

Administrative Law. By Frederick John Port. Longmans. 21s.

THE very title of this book is sufficient to raise, in the minds of some lawyers, jealous forebodings. It has for long been a conventional attitude on the part of those zealous for the supremacy of the Common Law to deny the very existence in this country of Administrative Law as a distinct branch of jurisprudence. The argument of Dr. Port's scholarly and well-documented book is that Administrative Law ought now to be recognized as a separate and essential department of law and that there ought to be a series of special tribunals to control and determine the relations between the citizen and the great governmental departments which are the organs of the State.

The book gains in interest at this time from a foreword contributed by the present Lord Chancellor. Lord Justice Sankey, as he then was, is careful to discriminate between the duty of the statesman and that of the lawyer. "The question," he says, "whether the scope of Administrative Law should be extended is one for the statesman; should it be extended, it is for the experienced lawyer to suggest how the system can be improved." This discrimination of function, so appropriate in a Lord Justice of Appeal, is no longer obligatory on the Lord Chancellor and perhaps Lord Sankey will be able to find time for some steps towards those reforms with which his foreword shows sympathy.

Indeed, the case for reconsideration of the present position is overwhelming. The task of carrying out

the decrees of the King in Parliament has changed hands in the course of our history. Formerly almost the whole of this task was assigned to local officers of the Crown and to those handymen of the English polity, the Justices of the Peace. Nowadays we are faced with the activities of the vast, centralized machine of the Civil Service. The points of contact between the State and the citizen were formerly few. Now legislation regulates, with increasing intimacy, the domestic affairs of the people.

With this development of the functions of the State there has arisen a portent which has evoked expressions of alarm from the guardians of the Common Law; namely, the willingness of Parliament to delegate practical powers of legislation to the governmental departments, that is to say, to the Civil Service. It is rare that any considerable piece of modern legislation is free from words like these: "The Minister shall have power to make an Order which shall have effect as if it were enacted in this Act." It is true that there are safeguards which in theory maintain the supremacy of Parliament, but, in fact, these safeguards are largely nugatory. For example, it is always provided that any Order made shall lie upon the table of the House of Commons for a short period, for the criticism or approval of the House. In actual practice this means that the Order is one of the mass of printed papers which a Member of Parliament may obtain by application at the Vote Office. Vigilant and omniscient indeed must be the House of Commons which is capable of effective scrutiny in these conditions, while large questions of public policy fill the political horizon.

The growing power of the bureaucracy has invaded, not only the legislative functions of the State, but also the judicial functions. Besides making laws of a kind, the departments now appoint tribunals of sorts unknown to our ancestors. Tribunals like the Insurance Commissioners, the Umpire in Unemployment Insurance, the Railway Rates Tribunal, the Industrial Court and others are administrative courts, administering special codes and closely in touch with the great departments of State. Their atmosphere, functions and procedure are distinct from those of the traditional law courts. With the progress of "social reform" the number of such special courts must increase. In more and more cases shall we see "the Minister," instead of the House of Lords, named as the final court of appeal.

There are two attitudes which one can adopt towards these tendencies. One can protest that this ousting of the Common Law and of Parliament is all wrong and must be resisted, even at the cost of retarding "social reform." The other, and in Dr. Port's view the wiser, course is to accept these developments as the inevitable concomitants of a developing community and to take steps to secure that Administrative Law is placed upon a new and logical basis. Administrative tribunals we must have; let us therefore have a complete system of special courts, after the French pattern, capable of dealing with all these problems which are now dealt with by a large number and variety of *ad hoc* departmental bodies of vague qualifications, haphazard procedure and infected with at least the risk of bias towards the decrees of the bureaucracy.

Dr. Port devotes a considerable section of his book to an historical account of administrative law in England. This is admirably done and will interest the layman as much as the lawyer. Another section of value is the account of *Droit Administratif* in France and Administrative Law in America. The average English lawyer entertains a strong suspicion of the French system, based on a feeling that the special code protects the civil servant at the expense of the ordinary citizen. Dr. Port's analysis shows that the suspicion is unfounded and justifies his own

conclusion, namely: "So far from Administrative Law in France unduly favouring Government officials, it is true to say that in no other country is the ordinary citizen so well protected against the consequences of acts of State servants as he is in France at the present time." The special administrative courts have become independent of the administration. They enforce their code as between State and citizen with the impartiality of ordinary courts of justice. In our own system there are many hindrances of a practical kind put in the way of a litigant against the Crown. Some of these grievances would be redressed by the Crown Proceedings Bill which has been in a state of suspended animation since 1926. But the admitted existence of these injustices adds points to Dr. Port's plea for a wider review of the whole subject and, if necessary, a recasting of the whole system to fit the needs of a highly complicated community.

As Lord Sankey points out, the question is of interest to the statesman and to the lawyer. Both of these will find information and food for thought in Dr. Port's book. It is a fine contribution to the solution of a problem which is now arising sharply in many departments of the national life and one which, until it is solved, will become urgent with increasing momentum.

QUEER WOMEN

Five Queer Women. By Walter and Clare Jerrold. Brentano's. 18s.

THE authors of this book are better than they appear. An attempt is made to frighten us by conveying the information that one of them has written works entitled 'The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court' and 'The Beaux and the Dandies,' and that the other has been guilty of a volume on 'Henry VIII and his Wives.' For this information the publisher is to blame. But the authors themselves enter into the conspiracy in their synopsis of the life of Mary de la Rivière Manley, the opening headings of which would surely gladden the heart even of a sub-editor on the worst sort of Sunday newspaper.

Queer, it should be explained, seems to mean more or less "literate" and more or less scandalous—not "extraordinary" in a contemporary novelist's sense. Of the five chosen, two have recently attracted more sustained notice than they here receive. These are Mrs. Aphra Behn, who has attracted Mr. Montague Summers and Miss Sackville-West, and Letitia Pilkington, who has won the attention of Miss Iris Barry. The others are Mrs. Manley, Eliza Haywood and Susanna Centlivre. In the account of Mrs. Behn there is an interesting quotation from the State Papers in support of the view that she knew of the projected Dutch attack on the Thames. Eliza Haywood was the Ouida of her age, or "Ovida" as the wrapper happily misprints it. Mrs. Manley helped to acclimatize the romantic *chronique scandaleuse*, and Letitia Pilkington was among the first women to indulge in frank autobiography.

A GUERRILLA CHIEF

José Antonio Páez. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann. 15s.

ROMANTIC as the "log cabin to White House" tradition is, it does suffer from a certain respectability, from the importance of being earnest. It is distinctly a black-coated affair. There is the odour of "inalienable rights" and a suggestion of moral superiority. In the South American countries they order things differently. Happy the man who, like José Antonio Páez, can gallop his way from thatched farm to Presidency; lucky if he can hold it as long

and his fate rather better than that of others if he can preserve his life when the inevitable reaction and disgrace arrive. For in South America there is no such thing as the ship of State; the State is a buckling, plunging, jibbing horse. And the metaphor is not as far-fetched as it sounds, for at one time during the fight for Venezuelan independence, when Páez had become the master of the llano, he minted his own money out of bits and stirrups.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes an exciting account of the life of this astonishing man. There were, of course, his own rich, naïve memoirs to draw upon; but it is always difficult to give a coherent and consecutive story of a guerilla chief who is here now and gone to-morrow, in a war that splutters about for over ten years in a series of skirmishes and even single combats. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's book suffers somewhat from the confusion of its subject, but his enormous knowledge of the country and its people, and his power of presenting action vividly, ensure that there are never any dull pages even though there may be some that are not straightforward.

Like all men from the Venezuelan llano, Páez was a born horseman. He seemed to be a kind of centaur. O'Leary, the biographer of Bolívar, who was a much greater but less sympathetic leader than Páez, has written an excellent summary of the guerilla leader's character:

In the presence of those he thought better educated than himself he was silent and almost timid. . . . With his inferiors he was loquacious and not averse to practical jokes. He was fond of talking of his military exploits. Entirely illiterate, he was quite ignorant of the theory of the profession he practised, and did not know the simplest terms of the art. . . . he would never have been a first-rate captain, for the slightest contradiction or emotion brought on convulsions that took away his senses for the moment and were followed by fits of physical and moral weakness. As a chief of guerilla warfare he had no rivals. . . . he was almost most to be feared when he commanded but few followers. A thousand men would have embarrassed him, especially if part of them were composed of infantry.

But in a cruel war, where both sides butchered their prisoners, Páez was a humane man. There are innumerable records of his prowess and of his mercy. He knew how to play the great gentleman with the fallen enemy. There is a story of him swimming the Apure river side by side with a man who had surrendered to him. The llanero bands owed many of their successes to their skill in swimming seemingly impassable stretches of flooded water. They held the belief that white horses were the best swimmers. At Barinas, Páez led his men across two rivers a quarter of a mile wide, towing their booty in a cowhide held by a lasso in a swimmer's teeth. They rode almost naked and, on these crossings, carried their saddles on their heads.

It was the misfortune of Páez that he began his long fighting career on the wrong side, and when he was at last able to desert, he found himself, in the early years of the campaign, pitted against the very people he was later to lead. The situation was as complex as the Iberian honour. Everyone changed sides. Páez himself drifted from one regiment to another, because he could not get on with the commanders. On one occasion he had left his regiment because he did not like its horses. But after the victory of Mucuritas, when the llanos were in his hands with a million head of cattle and five hundred thousand horses if he wanted them, there was no one to contest his claim to the command. His followers treated him with gross familiarity, as one very much lower than the angels, slapped him on the back, stole his food and openly mocked him, but his joviality, courage and unassuming demeanour were sufficient to hold the wild and undisciplined body together, where a more distant and dignified personality would have failed.

In 1829, when the victory against the Spaniards was won and the independence of Venezuela was assured, Páez was acclaimed the first President of the Republic, and, although he held the position for a long time against the factions which very soon grew up around him, he suffered eventually the inevitable disgrace. His estates were confiscated, he fled to Jamaica almost penniless. He made one abortive attempt to raise the country in his favour and suffered imprisonment until he was allowed to live in exile in the United States. At the age of sixty he set out to see the world and was honoured in every country. He was entertained by royalty in Europe and actually sat next to the Empress Eugenie at a banquet in the Tuileries. In the end he was reinvented to Venezuela, where he lived to govern briefly and badly, and had once more to leave the country. He died in exile. There had been something ominous in an event which had occurred during the great procession given in New York in his honour before his final departure to Venezuela: Páez was leading the procession himself, but when he got to the middle of Broadway, where the crowd was thickest, his horse had taken fright and had thrown him.

CANADA AND HER NEIGHBOUR

Canada and the United States. By H. L. Keenlyside. Knopf. 18s.

STUDIES of the attitude of a British Dominion to the world outside the Empire are as yet comparatively rare, and they are therefore the more to be welcomed when they do appear. In this present instance Mr. Keenlyside has done his work well, and if some of his views are controversial—to put it mildly—they will at any rate stimulate the reader's interest in the problems he raises, and that in itself justifies the writing of the book. The author's scholarship, too, is sound, and the section devoted to the past history of the two countries is by no means the least interesting or important.

Throughout the book Mr. Keenlyside emphasizes the fact that every inhabitant of the Dominion is under the spell of the United States, and no one who has had any personal experience of Canadian opinion will

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censure him for stressing the point so strongly. To the ordinary citizen of the United States, on the other hand, Canadian affairs are not of any great moment, and although he is almost certainly animated by the kindest feelings towards his neighbour he very rarely even gives him a thought. In the past this difference of attitude has been, and it is to some extent even to-day, responsible for a good deal of ill-feeling in Canada, for the Canadian has been inclined to interpret as a studied insult what was in reality due to ignorance.

The author traces the development of Canadian mistrust of the United States from the days when the exiled loyalists from the thirteen colonies came North at the close of the War of American Independence, and he shows how it was fostered by subsequent crises. It reached, perhaps, its high-water mark during the late war, when first of all American neutrality, and then the we-won-the-war attitude, disgusted a nation which had sacrificed the flower of its manhood from the very first. Feeling, Mr. Keenlyside considers, is now better than it was eight or nine years ago, and as fear of the United States has declined with the growth of Canada, so has public opinion in the Dominion become less suspicious. The situation is still far from ideal when one takes into account what close neighbours the two countries are, but there seems every reason to be optimistic about the future.

On the subject of annexation Mr. Keenlyside has neither doubts nor fears:

Were this book written for Canadians alone it would be quite unnecessary to include . . . a discussion of annexation. As far as the people of the Dominion are concerned, this issue is absolutely dead. It is conceivable, although from present indications unlikely, that with the lapse of time Canada may break the strong bonds of affection that unite the Dominion with the remainder of the British Empire; it is inconceivable, if history has any meaning whatever, that Canada should unite, politically, with the American Republic.

Canadian nationalism is, in the author's opinion, too strong ever to permit union with the United States, quite apart from the fact that certain sections of the population, notably the French Canadians, would oppose it violently. Nor is public opinion in Canada prepared to accept the interpretation put upon the Monroe Doctrine by the State Department at Washington, and in this connexion Mr. Keenlyside makes the interesting and valuable suggestion that a definite statement of policy, enunciated by all the sovereign states in America, would suit the United States a great deal better than the existing unilateral doctrine, which only serves to arouse suspicions among her neighbours.

With the relations between Canada and the other parts of the British Empire the author is naturally, in view of the scope of his work, not much concerned. He quite rightly remarks that the government at Ottawa is as free as any in the world, and he goes on to say that "even a Tory Government in Britain would as soon think of issuing orders to Paris or Washington as to Ottawa." There was surely something in Mr. Amery's administration of his office to justify the contemptuous "even," but with the rest of the statement there can be no disagreement. Canada can, however, play a truly Imperial part by acting as interpreter between London and Washington, and this rôle, which Mr. Keenlyside foresees for her, she may be called upon to fill in the very near future if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's plans are what they are commonly supposed to be.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions, and to post their solutions in good time.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Leaders of the French Revolution. By J. M. Thompson. Oxford: Blackwell. 8s. 6d.

The French Revolution. By Albert Mathiez. Williams and Norgate. 21s.

FRENCH Revolutionary studies show no sign of languishing. To-day, as a generation ago, there is more danger of drowning than of drought. Mr. Thompson is an Oxford don who knows how to combine lightness and learning. M. Mathiez is the chief of the Robespierist school of revolutionary historians and since the lamented death of M. Aulard, the leader of the Dantonists and the man who surpassed all others in his knowledge of the sources, he may be regarded as the greatest of living students of the subject. An avowed partisan, he brings to this general account of the revolution an unequalled knowledge of some of its phases.

It goes without saying that neither writer will wholly please anyone. Such is the nature of history, and of the history of the French Revolution very specially. Forty years ago a member of the audience attempted to shoot Aulard after he had finished delivering a professional lecture which expressed conclusions the assassin disliked. Of the writers here considered, Mr. Thompson is the more detached, M. Mathiez is the more deeply steeped in the materials of the subject. The former is shorter, and, frankly, more readable. And he is clear and helpful. He distinguishes carefully the different "revolutions" of which the French Revolution is composed—those of 1789, August 10, 1792 and May 31, 1793. He appreciates the importance of Sieyès and quotes Talleyrand's judgment that he was responsible for three things—the National Assembly, the National Guard and the Departmental System, and he agrees with the epitaph "the most representative man of his age."

Mr. Thompson agrees equally with the popular view in which Robespierre more than anyone else is regarded as the embodiment of the Revolution. It is interesting to compare his attitude with that of M. Mathiez on the Robespierre enigma. The former's estimate has obviously been much influenced by the work of the latter. What is the upshot? The first we hear of Robespierre is his retiring from a good post because its duties involved the passing of the death sentence. The last we hear of him is that he might perhaps have preserved power if he had been willing to shed more blood. And in between, the dogma, ruthlessly applied while he was in power, virtue without terror is disastrous, terror without virtue is powerless. The life of Robespierre is one illustrating the paradise of the Puritan. In his case it illustrates much else and in particular that crime committed from principle may rival and outdo crime committed against all principle. What would Robespierre have done but for his fall? What were his plans? What do we say of him? Here is M. Mathiez:

What tragic irony! Robespierre and his party went to their death largely for having tried to use the Terror as the instrument of a fresh upheaval affecting property. With them the levelling Republic, without rich or poor, which they had dreamt of establishing by the laws of Ventôse, received its death blow. The heedless sansculottes were soon to regret the maximum which they had execrated and in vain to rise in insurrection in order to obtain its re-establishment.

Mr. Thompson writes: "Faced, as every preacher of a difficult creed is faced, sooner or later, by the problem of unbelief, he was too small-minded to forgive, and yet powerful enough to punish." What is the truth? Perhaps we hardly know enough to answer fully. With the character in Victor Hugo, the greatest adepts in the art of detection must sometimes say, "Mystère."

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Sleeping Fury. By Martin Armstrong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Dewer Rides. By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Afternoon and Twilight of Vanda Pinelli. By L. Steni. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Hail! All Hail! By Norah C. James. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG is one of the best literary craftsmen we have. His writing has no airs and graces, he does not seek to engage our sympathies by the exploitation of a seductive personal mannerism. He goes straight ahead. But there is nothing unsubtle about his directness. Under his guidance we travel smoothly and without a jolt; but we see all about us the hills and the valleys, the uneven country over which Mr. Armstrong has drawn the shining pathway of his art.

Nearly all novelists try to make unity out of diversity, and fail. Mr. Armstrong is a natural artist and his problem is rather to make us aware of the discrepancies and the incongruities that he so triumphantly reconciles. In some of his stories the separate parts fall into place almost too readily. But 'The Sleeping Fury' is hewn out of sterner stuff. Briefly, the theme is this. At the instance of a worldly and ambitious mother, the heroine Charlotte marries Lord Mardale, whom she respects but does not love. Her sister marries a man she loves and sees no need, till too late, of respecting. Years pass; the sisters are middle-aged. Beatrix has grown tired and dispirited and left her husband; Charlotte, a monument of respectability, has become hard and definite and slightly grim. In both cases the change of character (a most difficult task for the novelist) is convincingly portrayed. In the interval Charlotte had nearly run away with a young man with whom she had fallen violently in love at first sight. But she stopped her ears against the promptings of her heart and returned to fill her niche in the social fabric. And with her sister's example before her, who can say she did wrong to deny her emotions their outlet?

One of the fascinations of 'The Sleeping Fury' is the way Mr. Armstrong encourages the reader to form a judgment and then, by a dexterous twist of the action or the point of view, makes him suspend or reverse it. As all novelists must, he divorces his characters from life, intensifies their emotions and turns them into abstractions, so that they seem a law unto themselves, exempt from the common lot. Then, thus inflated and magnified, he suddenly tests them by comparing them sharply with the great world outside, which reckons nothing of them and to which they are units like anybody else, shorn of their factitious importance as the central figures of a novel. It is almost as if they had stepped out of the book into the columns of a newspaper; the realities of life and art are seen for a moment in conjunction.

In one way 'The Sleeping Fury' is an exceedingly artificial story. Charlotte's daughter, Sylvia, falls in love with a young man the counterpart of her own beloved Maurice. He is presently discovered to be illegitimate. Lord Mardale will not countenance him as a son-in-law. A man of simple but rigid piety, he could forgive a dishonest servant, but against adultery he set his face. (He had seemed so mild before; it is a brilliant stroke to have made his mildness proceed not from tolerance but from a Christian principle capable of intense severity.) His opposition rouses the "sleeping fury" of Charlotte's love: the passion

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of her daughter for Eric Danver evokes her own suppressed passion: to put her husband logically in the wrong she declares Sylvia is not his daughter, but Maurice's. A bold stroke, perhaps too bold; but Mr. Armstrong saves it from unreality and absurdity by the thoroughness with which he follows up its consequences. 'The Sleeping Fury' has flat passages, passages in which Mr. Armstrong's imagination is rather executive than creative; but taken as a whole it is a sincere moving story, beautifully told.

'Dewer Rides' is also the work of a man who was a poet before he was a novelist, and the novelist's mantle does not fit Mr. Strong quite as closely as it fits Mr. Armstrong. In this, his first novel, it is not difficult to pick out defects of construction and technique. At the beginning, for instance, we are made familiar with several characters, Dick Brendon's youthful companions, who suddenly disappear from the book and are scarcely heard of again. The author's intention, moreover, is not very clear; the incidents which provoke the estrangement between Dick and Ruth are arresting and vivid taken by themselves, but as illustrations of the progress of a relationship they are not very illuminating—one has to wait until almost the end for the true explanation—that Ruth threw Dick over because her conscience told her he was a bad man, and getting worse. And the moral of the story does not pervade the book, it appears by fits and starts. Dick performs first a good act, then a bad, and we are puzzled by the alternation (most people's characters are more of a piece than some fiction allows) until we realize what (I suppose) Mr. Strong means to show: that a generous capacity for living, such as Dick's, enriches life by its plenteousness, whatever canons of morality it may seem to offend. Had Ruth realized this she would have married him and saved him many slips on the downward path.

'Dewer Rides' lacks unity of interest: the separate limbs are impatient of central control. But the fact that they are impatient is a symptom of their vigour. Mr. Strong has packed into his first novel more than most novelists get into two or three; purple passages, like the rhapsody on village life; exquisite little scenes full of humour and human nature, like the incident in which Dick buys the engagement ring; the profound study of various types of boyhood embodied in the opening chapters (Eric is the most convincing figure in the book); one of the best prize-fights in fiction; a remarkable insight into the lives of the peasantry of Dartmoor—one could go on enumerating instances in which Mr. Strong's bold, original and individual treatment has made old material seem like new. His imagination gives the impression of being endlessly fertile with untapped resources; it only remains for him to arrange them better.

The author of that powerful study, 'Prelude to a Rope for Meyer,' has again bent his (or her) sombre talent to the portrayal of the easy stages by which one may become a criminal—not, I hasten to add, that it would be easy to identify oneself or any of one's acquaintances with Vanda Pinelli, the adventuress whose afternoon and twilight, on the Riviera and in London, are here so eloquently described. So eloquently, so exotically, so fantastically, that one loses all sense of the unnaturalness of the whole thing. There never was a woman like Vanda Pinelli, whose soliloquies, thinly disguised as conversation, charmed all, or nearly all, her hearers into taking her for their mistress. She did not really care about them. On the contrary:

It was a satisfaction like no other in life, to practise little cruelties upon them, to flout them, to see their faces contract with quaint little grimaces of pain and surprise when she cut short their most passionate speeches, their most intimate confessions with a rough demand that they should cease from causing her infinite boredom...

What a nasty nature! but a fascinating one, the

record of whose post-meridional decline is extraordinarily absorbing.

In 'Hail! All Hail' Miss Norah James gives a sympathetic picture of the lives of working-class people, first in the country and then in London. She emphasizes their dignity and their humanity, but she tells us nothing that Mr. Anthony Bertram has not already told us, with greater distinction and profounder insight. The casualness with which the very poor take their lives is reflected in Miss James's style, which is hasty and unfinished. The book has some charming touches, but on the whole it is a hand-to-mouth affair.

THE JULY MAGAZINES

The *London Mercury* suggests that some money should be spent on modern English paintings as well as old ones, waxes lyrical over the Aldershot Tattoo, and commemorates Murray Allison. The poetry is varied with conceits and fancies. The fiction is depressing. Prof. Clarke pricks the bubble of Spengler's omniscience. Mr. Blunden conducts an autopsy of 'The Ode to a Nightingale' with due regard to our feelings, and Mr. Pryce-Jones gives us enough of the work of Erasmus Darwin to satisfy all but the most omnivorous reader. Mr. Strickland Gibson writes on stamped bindings. We should have liked to see a mention of W. J. Weale's work on the subject. The *Chronicles* of Messrs. Hannay (Fine Arts), Twitchett (Poetry) and Pryce-Jones (Rowe) are noteworthy.

The *Fortnightly* for July contains a number of papers of literary interest. 'Easy Reading, Hard Writing' contains the late C. E. Montague's explanation of why Stevenson is more popular than Meredith or James. Mr. S. Gilbert attempts in 'An Irish Ulysses' to draw the parallel between the Mr. Bloom of Mr. James Joyce and the Odysseus of Homer. He does very well up to a point, but evades the chief difficulties of the critic. Mr. W. A. Hirst emphasizes the neglect with which 'The literature of Spanish America' is treated in this country; Mr. H. M. Walbrook describes the historical associations of 'Henry VIII's Tennis-court' at Hampton Court; Mr. E. E. Reynolds indulges in a temperate eulogy of Stanley Weyman; and Miss Helen Grierson narrates her search through literature for a good example of 'The Elusive Victorian Woman.' Mr. Stirling Taylor's account of 'The Fifth Earl of Rosebery' makes him a victim of his luck and his gifts.

The *Nineteenth* caters for a number of general interests. Three papers, those on King's College by Prof. Hearnshaw, on Ashridge by Mr. A. Bryant, and on Down House by Major Leonard Darwin, are concerned with buildings and the men connected with them; two deal with racial questions treated historically—'The Flemish Question' by the Countess de Meeds, and the French Ivory Coast by Dr. F. Bullock; a plea for better care of historical documents by Prof. B. Williams; a paper by Mr. Orlo Williams on 'The Gallipoli Tragedy,' and even an amusing study of 'Eighteenth-Century Advertisements' by Miss Carol Romer may be classed as historical. Papers by Mr. Tilby and Mr. McEachan deal with problems of ultimate justice and with tragedy as viewed by naturalistic and humanistic philosophy.

Life and Letters. Mr. E. M. Forster in 'Butterflies and Beetles' is dealing mainly with the problem of Ronald Firbank. Mr. Peter Quennell treats Arthur Rimbaud's work and character in a riot of adjectives and similes. Mr. W. J. Lawrence examines 'The Dedication of English Plays' during the period when money-dealings in literature were thought debasing. Mr. L. A. Pavey has a realistic study of a not uncommon type of Bohemian in 'Nikaldon.' The Reader's Reports are stimulating.

The *Realist* provides some very uncompromising generalizations as to the human mind by Dr. Siegmund Freud in 'Dostoevski and Parricide.' Dr. Haldane gives us the scientific point of view as to what are the important questions of to-day. Mr. Rostovsky discusses 'Russia and European Civilization' and favours the opinion that it should remain a meeting-place for East and West. Mr. Newman shows that "representation" is as old in written music as musical form, and Mr. Clancy describes the fantasy of colour music. Mr. R. A. Fisher envisages the over-production of food, and Dr. Jeffreys estimates the expectation of life of our planet. Mr. Arnold Bennett does not like having to dress for Opera and has several other suggestions to make for his comfort and that of others.

Blackwood has as fiction 'Rumfy,' by Mr. V. Gordon, which opens well, and 'Money's Worth,' by Mr. Jordan; a yachting sketch, a sketch of tanks and crocodiles; a visit to Andorra in winter; and an account of the Uganda native. Mr. R. B. Garnett re-examines the claims of Maquet to the authorship of 'The Three Musketeers' and brings forward some evidence against them which M. Simon has overlooked.

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Cornhill brings forward 'The True History of the Tichborne Case.' Orton was a natural son of the family, but the real Sir Roger who escaped the wreck became a wandering idiot in Australia. Mr. Owen protests against 'The Public School Spirit' humbug; and Mr. Justice MacKinnon tells about High Sheriffs and what they have to do.

Chambers includes the story of 'Alexander IV of Scotland,' 'Drove Roads,' 'Some Impressions of a Visit to Russia' (Moscow only) among a number of other papers.

Foreign Affairs is mainly devoted to the prospects of the new Peace Movement in the hands of a Labour Government. Is the Reparations Settlement final? What are the results of the change at the Foreign Office?

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE INFANT. By Dr. Siegfried Bernfeld. Kegan Paul. 15s.

A GRAMMAR OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK. By James Hope Moulton. Edinburgh: Clark. 12s.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SURVEY OF LONDON. Volume XII. THE PARISH OF ALL HALLOWS, BARKING. Batsford. £1 11s. 6d.

FRUIT CULTURE. By H. C. Davidson. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

THE ART OF INTERROGATION. By E. R. Hamilton. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

ENTHRONEMENT EDITION. THE JAPANESE ADVERTISER. Tokio: The Japan Advertiser Press.

THE NEGRO IN GREEK AND ROMAN CIVILISATION. By Grace Hadley Beardsley. Milford: Oxford University Press. 16s.

FEEDING THE FAMILY. By Leonora Eyles. Grant Richards and Humphrey Toulmin. 4s. 6d.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 381

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 11.)

TWO SCALES BY WHICH WE MEASURE HEAT AND COLD
WITH INSTRUMENTS BY SOME OPTICIANS SOLD.

1. French muscat wine: don't end it with an n.
2. Of rank exalted 'mongst the sons of men.
3. It clothed our ancestors—a frugal folk.
4. Bought ready-made by some, by some bespoke.
5. Curtail an isle—green jewel of the sea.
6. What, without this, would puny infants be?
7. Six feet I boast,—no doubt you think it plenty.
8. Equal in value minus days twice twenty.
9. Angry, ill-tempered, fretful, touchy, hot.
10. A pig will find me, sir, though you should not.

Solution of Acrostic No. 379

B	ay-lea	F
U	ndutifu	L
T	ho	Usand
T	roth-pligh	T
E	xperimentalis	T
R	eptil	E
F	ishe	R
L	im	B
Y	ew-berr	Y*

* "The foliage is poisonous, but the red pulp of the berries is said to be innocuous, being often eaten by children without ill effect."
—Johns: 'Flowers of the Field.'

ACROSTIC No. 379.—The winner is Mr. G. W. H. Iago, Sussex House, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Child of the Deep,' by Joan Lowell, published by Heinemann, and noticed in our columns on June 22. One other competitor chose this book, 23 named 'Dampier: Pirate and Hydrographer,' 14 'Rivers of England,' 11 'The Torch,' 9 'Vidocq,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Boote, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Clam, Dhualt, Reginald P. Eccles, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Madge, Margaret, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Quis, Tyro, Sisypus, St. Ives, C. J. Warden, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., E. Barrett, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, Ursula D'Ot, M. East, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Gay, H. C. M., Jeff, John Lennie, Lilian, Lady Mottram, Peter, Raalte, Rang, George Randolph, M. C. S. S., Shorwell, Thora, Twyford, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, W. H. Carter, Elizabeth, Glamis, Mrs. Greene, Jop, Mrs. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. Milne, Katharine Moloney, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

FOR LIGHT 2 Unfilial is accepted.

ACROSTIC No. 378.—CORRECT: Cyril E. Ford. ONE LIGHT WRONG: Elizabeth.

URSULA D'OT.—I think I accepted Jenny-ass, but cannot make sure, as I left the solutions of No. 377 at Ravenna. Perhaps you can send me a copy.

CAPT. WOLSELEY AND MRS. MILNE.—See latter part of my reply to Ursula D'Ot.

MISS MOORE.—The error in second upright counts as a mistake. CEYX.—Can we say that *Truth-plight* is "quite obsolete," when in the Church of England marriage-service the man still *plights his troth* to the woman?

A. E.—Letters or syllables cut off must be set down, not left out altogether.

STUCCO.—Your name and Mrs. Violet G. Wilson's were accidentally omitted from the "Two Lights wrong" list of No. 367.

DOLMAR.—No. 367: Your 3rd and 5th Lights were wrong: Lew(d) and Empire instead of Low(n) and Expanse.

G. W. MILLER AND JOHN LENNIE.—Shakespeare uses Night-owl three times: In *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3; *Richard II*, iii. 3; *3 Henry VI*, ii. 1.

ACROSTIC No. 373.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: F. M. Petty.

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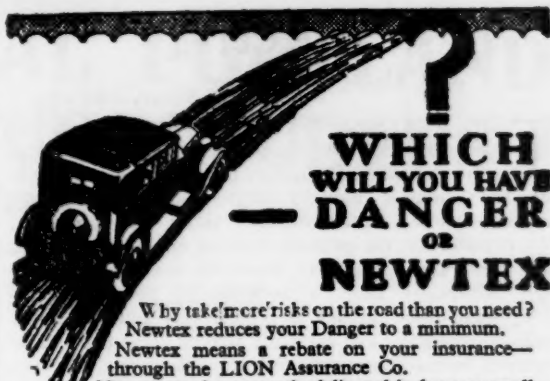
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V.P.

A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe

would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

Craven

Mixture Tobacco

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE fears expressed in these notes before the General Election—that the disturbing factor, from the Stock Exchange point of view, throughout the summer months might be the monetary position—show, unfortunately, signs of fulfilment. The reasons for the present state of affairs are varied, and while the speculative craze in America, with a high call-money rate, is undoubtedly partly responsible, such other factors as reparations and our home political position have certainly played their part. The problem is an unprecedented one, and our bankers seem to be baffled by it.

While all appear to agree that the position is a very serious one, there seems little inclination to put forward concrete proposals for a remedy. It is possible that the position may mend itself: on the other hand the present unsatisfactory state of affairs may lead to an extremely critical monetary position, and it is this uncertainty which is crippling Stock Exchange business. As an example of the disquieting times through which we are passing, one has only to quote the fact that underwriters were left with over 80 per cent. of the issue of the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation, which was made under the auspices of the Bank of England and which was a full Trustee stock.

As to the home political position, the Stock Exchange is at last appreciating the gravity of the position, on account not of legislation to be introduced in the course of the next few months, but of the inevitable result that will ensue if, after the next Election, Labour is returned with a majority over all other parties and the City is faced with the presentation of a Budget to finance the creed of "Socialism in our time." Caution should be taken in Stock Exchange transactions at the moment, until such time as the fog of uncertainty is removed from the outlook.

HYDRO ELECTRICS

An outstanding feature of strength this week has been provided by the shares of the Hydro Electric Securities Corporation. The corporation was registered in Canada in September, 1926; the capital consists of \$20,000,000 of 5 per cent. Class "B" Cumulative Participating Preferred shares of \$10 each and 746,608 common shares of no par value. This corporation has acquired securities in a large number of successful and progressive companies, principally in the electric light and power business. All the securities owned by the corporation are marketable, being quoted either in New York or in the Stock Exchanges of Montreal, London, Brussels and Milan. Approximately 89 per cent. of these investments are in companies operating in the United States, the remaining 11 per cent. being divided among companies whose properties are situated in Spain, Italy, Belgium, Mexico and Brazil. At the end of 1928 the market value of the company's investments were officially given as nearly \$51,500,000, which compared with an original cost price of \$40,500,000. This appreciation of \$11,000,000 has since been substantially added to owing to the appreciation in price of the shares of several of the companies whose shares are held by the corporation, and it is

probable that this appreciation now exceeds \$25,000,000. Since the last report, the company, in conjunction with an American group, formed a subsidiary, the Electric Shareholdings Corporation, with a capital of \$25,000,000 in 1,250,000 shares, of which the Hydro Electric Corporation subscribed for one-half at \$20; the market price of these shares is now \$36. These improvements in quotations have so far not been fully reflected in the quotation of Hydro Electrics, which, in their class, appear worth locking away at the present price.

WESTINGHOUSE BRAKE

Those in search of an industrial investment showing a high yield should not overlook the ordinary shares of the Westinghouse Brake and Saxby Signal Company Limited. This company manufactures and supplies Westinghouse brakes for steam and electrified railways and tramways and all types of railway signal apparatus, including mechanical and both electric and electro-pneumatic systems of automatic and power signalling. The company is British controlled and its products are manufactured in London and Chippenham. The accounts are made up annually to September 30 for 1926 and 1927. Dividends of 8 per cent. were paid, which distribution was increased to 10 per cent. for the year ended September 30, 1928. On the basis of last year's distribution a yield of approximately 7½ per cent. is shown at the present price.

ELECTRIC SUPPLY SHARES

A leading firm of London stockbrokers have compiled an interesting brochure dealing with selected Electric Supply ordinary shares. In the foreword they point out that one of the very few markets which has not suffered from the aftermath of the general boom of 1928, and in which active business continues month by month, is the market in the ordinary shares of the Electric Light and Power companies operating in England. The reason for this is not far to seek. The limelight of publicity which has been directed at this industry owes the initial operation to the Electricity Act 1926, and to the activities of American financial groups in endeavouring to purchase undertakings operating in Southern England has resulted in steadying increased interest on the part of the general investor. It is suggested that in view of the general uncertainty, carefully chosen Electric Supply ordinary shares appear an exceptionally suitable medium for investment. Their management is mostly in capable hands, their dividend disbursements conservative, their finance sound, and although at current quotations yields may be small, there is generally the added attraction of periodical issues of bonus shares on what amounts to bonus terms to existing shareholders.

In this class attention is drawn to Northampton Electric ordinary, Midland Counties Electric ordinary and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric ordinary. Each of these shares appears well worth locking away at the present level, particularly as American interests may quite possibly be desirous of acquiring control of the first two.

NEWSPAPER SHARES

Attention has been drawn in these notes in the past to newspaper shares as suitable media for permanent investment. Of late this market has been depressed, partly as the result of liquidation of a deceased estate, and partly owing to general condi-

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THE SHIP CANAL PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

GREAT INCREASE IN SALES

MR. O. J. S. PIPER ON MERGER PROPOSALS

The Annual General Meeting of the Ship Canal Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd. was held on July 3 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. Oliver J. S. Piper, chairman, who presided and moved the adoption of the report and accounts, first analysed in detail the figures in the balance sheet. As to the loan of £511,250 from the company's bankers, he wished to express the board's appreciation of the assistance thus rendered which had enabled their big scheme of "rationalisation" to be carried out in so efficient a manner; incidentally the extent of the accommodation thus afforded was striking testimony to the fact that the bankers considered everything that the management of the company had done to have been soundly conceived and soundly carried out.

The investments at £1,633,155 consisted exclusively of holdings in associated companies, and the board had every reason to believe that those assets had been chosen with wisdom and to the advantage of the shareholders. They represented the controlling interests in the Holborough Cement Co., and the Dunstable Portland Cement Co., both owning modern works with absolutely up-to-date equipment, and in Greaves, Bull and Lakin (Harbury Works) Ltd. a thoroughly reorganised undertaking, which under the Ship Canal Company's management had doubled its output and materially reduced its costs.

The net profit for the company's fiscal year was £137,741, as compared with £138,708. The Board recommended the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent., less tax, on the ordinary shares, placing £40,000 to depreciation and carrying forward £33,153.

The company now owned one of the most comprehensively equipped and efficiently run plants in the country. Since Mr. H. S. Horne and his associates bought control of the undertaking, costs had been materially reduced and sales increased by nearly 50 per cent.: the super-quality both of their ordinary cement and their Vitocrete had enabled them to treble the number of their customers.

"RED TRIANGLE" PROGRESS

As to the progress of the Red Triangle group, of which this company was the senior member, when he first became chairman the controlled output was less than 200,000 tons per annum. Thanks to the acquisition of other new and modern plants, supplemented by the installation of mechanical improvements, the group production had been increased to over 1,000,000 tons a year, while the capitalisation per ton of that substantial output was a good deal lower than that of their principal competitors.

The establishment of the Red Triangle group in that most favoured position in their industry had entailed an expenditure of no less a sum than £400,000 in extensions to their various plants, but that substantial expenditure had accomplished its purpose in more ways than one.

Criticism had been made of the various issues of capital thus necessitated in the period. Those critics might perhaps be good enough to explain how it could be possible to buy the control of businesses reaching in values a figure far in excess of a million sterling and not require further capital to pay for them; but the shareholders of the group at any rate, now exceeding 8,000 in number, should appreciate that they would get the full benefit of the raising of that capital, while the total charges in connection with those issues had already been completely written off.

THE MERGER EXPLAINED

Dealing with the proposed merger of all the manufacturing companies into one central organization, the Chairman said that it had been the policy of the board not to restrict operations to the works at Ellesmere Port, but to co-operate with other plants in the production of cement at selective and strategic points, and, side by side with the production of a large and increasing output, the question of its distribution had been dealt with. The time had thus come when the interests of the shareholders in this company, as well as of those in the associated companies of Greaves, Bull, and Lakin (Harbury Works) Ltd., Holborough Cement Ltd., and of the ordinary shareholders in the Dunstable Portland Cement Company Ltd., would best be served by a practical merger of such holdings under one central controlling company.

The most simple and economic way in which that fusion of interests could be effected was to offer to the shareholders of Greaves, Bull, and Lakin (Harbury Works) and the Holborough Cement Company the right to exchange their shares for fully-paid ordinary shares in this company. When the arrangements were completed, with the exception of a few outstanding shares, this company would hold under one central control the entire assets of Greaves, Bull, and Lakin (Harbury Works), Holborough Cement, Dunstable Portland Cement (subject to the Preference shares), and Smeed, Dean, and Co.

BASIS OF THE EXCHANGE

The basis of the proposed exchange was one fully-paid ordinary share of 4s. in this company for each fully-paid 5s. ordinary share in Greaves, Bull and Lakin (Harbury Works), and in respect of each fully-paid £1 share in Holborough five fully-paid ordinary shares of 4s. each in this company.

It had been agreed by the respective boards to pay dividends of 8 per cent., less tax, for the year to June 30 last, on the ordinary shares of Greaves, Bull and Lakin, and an interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum for the six months to that date on the shares of Holborough Cement.

The balance of the ordinary shares of Dunstable Portland Cement would be acquired for cash, and, except for 706 shares which had not come into the earlier purchase scheme, the whole of the ordinary capital of that company would be under the control of this company. It had also been decided, with the sanction of the Board of Trade, to change the name of their company to Allied Cement Manufacturers Ltd., as indicative of its enlarged sphere of operations.

To carry out the various objects in view an increase in the existing capital had become necessary. The board proposed to create 850,000 new 7½ per cent. Convertible Preference shares of £1 each and 15,000,000 new ordinary shares of 4s. each. It was proposed to issue the new Preference shares, giving preferential consideration to existing shareholders; part of the new ordinary would be subscribed in cash on satisfactory terms, and the balance would remain in reserve.

It was also proposed to convert the existing 15s. Preference shares into £1 Convertible Preference shares, on the basis of four for three, and to give to all Preference shareholders the right at any time within three years to convert a £1 Preference share into five Ordinary shares of 4s., on payment of 30s. per Preference share.

When all arrangements were completed their company would hold absolute control over the Ellesmere Port Works in the North, the Harbury Works in the Midlands, the Dunstable Works in the East Midlands and the Holborough Works, the Smeed Dean Works and the British Standard Works in the South-Eastern area, with a combined capacity of over 1,000,000 tons of cement per annum, which he could confidently forecast would not be sufficient to provide for the demand for Red Triangle cement in the words of their slogan, "Right Across Britain."

Combined with that were the important factors of distribution in the shape of the merchanting business which he had already mentioned. The whole of the share capital of J. and W. Henderson Ltd. (including Ernest Mathews and Co.), and T. and J. Graham Ltd., came into possession of this company, and they would also have an effective control of Wiggins and Co. (Hammersmith) Ltd.

In a word, with the help of the British Cement Products and Finance Co., Ltd., the Red Triangle group had been created, and its prominence and position proved. It now remained for the Allied Cement Manufacturers Ltd. to enjoy the profits which the board were confident would be secured.

Mr. H. S. Horne, addressing the meeting, said he could absolutely endorse everything that their Chairman had said, especially in that their works had no equal in this country.

When he, the speaker, became Chairman of the Holborough Company, that undertaking was not in a very satisfactory state, but to-day the Holborough Company was the cheapest producer, not only in this country, but in the world; when he became chairman of Greaves, Bull and Lakin, that company was not making anything like the profit it was to-day.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Full copies of the chairman's speech can be obtained on application to the secretary.

tions, with the result that such shares as Associated News deferred and *Daily Mirror* ordinary can now be acquired at particularly attractive levels. We live in an age when the advantages of publicity and advertising are beginning to be appreciated, with the result that the revenue of established newspapers should, undoubtedly, increase. Further, the demand for newspapers has been largely increased through the educational value of the wireless. Both these factors tend to increase the value of investments in soundly established companies of this nature, and investors should find a substantial recovery in the price of these shares immediately market conditions become more favourable.

MINING TRUST

The scheme for the segregation of the assets of the Russo-Asiatic Company outside Russia having been completed, dealings are now taking place in the newly created company, the Mining Trust Limited. This company now has a controlling interest in the Mount Isa Mines, and the Ellyou Goldfields, together with other interests. As the result of its formation, the Trust is in a very strong financial position, and powerful American groups are believed to be largely interested, and to have formed, as a result of reports received from their engineers, an extremely favourable opinion as to the Trust's prospects. It seems possible that within the next few months this American interest will lead to substantial buying of the shares, which would raise the price to materially higher levels. In these circumstances the Mining Trust shares appear to possess decided speculative possibilities at the present price. The fact is emphasized, however, that these shares at the present stage can only be looked upon as a speculation, and do not class with the shares of old-established mining finance companies which have been dealt with in these notes in the past.

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

At the meeting of British International Pictures Limited held last week, Mr. John Maxwell, the chairman, had a satisfactory tale to unfold to his shareholders. He referred to the satisfactory reception which the company's first talking picture, "Blackmail," had received, and he informed shareholders that the company had three further talking pictures well on the way to completion, of a type not yet attempted elsewhere. Holders of shares in this extremely progressive company should be satisfied to retain them in view of the undoubted prospects they appear to possess.

PHOSFERINE

Attention has been drawn in the past to the 8 per cent. participating ordinary shares of Phosferine Limited. Perusal of the chairman's speech at the meeting last week indicates that the company is doing well, and its earning capacity can be expected to expand in the future.

DUNLOPS

Sir Eric Geddes has issued a statement regarding the adverse rumours which have been circulated with reference to the Dunlop Rubber Company. Shareholders should be assured by this statement, and Sir Eric is entitled to their thanks for having made it.

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of the following companies: Ship Canal Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons), Ltd., Imperial Bank of Persia, Ltd., British International Pictures, Ltd.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

PHOSFERINE (ASHTON AND PARSONS)

The First Ordinary General Meeting of Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons), Ltd., was held on June 28 at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, W.C., Sir Herbert J. F. Parsons, Bart. (chairman and managing director), presiding.

The chairman said: Gentlemen,—You have had the balance sheet and directors' report in your hands for some days. I presume you will accept them as read. (Agreed.)

The period covered by the accounts has not been one free from difficulty. Notwithstanding this, however, you will have seen from the directors' report that the trading results for the period amounted to £84,904 9s. 10d., and this after making full provision for writing down the value of the leasehold premises and depreciation of plant, machinery, fixtures, etc. Against this profit there has been charged a sum of £7,707 2s. 6d. for interest on purchase consideration from the date of acquisition of the business—viz., January 1, 1928, up to the final date of payment on June 21, 1928, and this is, of course, a non-recurring charge.

There has also been charged against the profits available for distribution that portion of the income tax liability which is not recoverable from the dividends paid to shareholders. This sum, representing tax on profits reserved, constitutes a heavy charge, and depletes the amount remaining for distribution. Other charges and receipts, such as directors' fees, interest on investments and money on deposit, transfer fees, etc., leave the net profit at £69,701 3s. 7d.

Of this sum we have decided to devote £12,000 in reduction of preliminary expenses, and to put £5,000 to a general reserve account. The amount written off preliminary expenses this year is considered by your directors to be somewhat generous, but having regard to the fact that the available profit was partly earned prior to the incorporation of the company, they thought it desirable to devote such earnings in this way, and it will be their policy to eliminate this item from the balance sheet at as early a date as is reasonably possible.

Provision has been made in the balance sheet with regard to the fixed dividend of 8 per cent. upon the Cumulative Participating Ordinary shares amounting to £31,033 6s. 8d., such dividend being calculated from April 24, 1928, to April 30, 1929, and there remains the sum standing to the credit of profit and loss account as per the balance sheet—namely, £21,667 16s. 11d. It is proposed to allocate £12,000 of this sum in the payment of an additional dividend of 1 per cent. upon the Participating Ordinary shares, absorbing £4,000, and a dividend of 8 per cent. upon the Deferred shares amounting to £8,000, leaving £9,667 16s. 11d. to be carried forward.

Our leasehold premises, plant, machinery, etc., stand at £13,211 0s. 8d., and, as previously explained, have been written down in no niggardly spirit. Goodwill, formulae and trade marks remain at the purchase price given by the company. The stock is taken at the managing director's valuation at cost or market value whichever is the lower. The investments made by the company comprise Colonial Government and other sound securities and are of a slightly higher market value than that shown in the balance sheet.

Towards the close of the company's financial year this company entered into arrangements with their subsidiary "Phosferine Products Ltd.," by which the parent company received shares of a nominal value of £15,000 in consideration of the right given to market the new Phosferine preparation—namely, Phosferine Health Salt—and for rendering other services therewith. These shares appear in the balance sheet at their nominal value and the directors have every reason to believe will prove a remunerative source of income. (Hear, hear.) They have, however, deemed it prudent in this present balance sheet to set up a reserve of a similar amount—namely, £15,000. Phosferine Health Salt has been very favourably received by the public and the chemists. It already has a large sale, and I feel assured that in the future we shall receive a substantial revenue from our interests in this unique preparation.

The debtors, standing at £48,942 10s., are in respect of trade debts or payments in advance, and cover innumerable accounts. Your directors consider these debts all good and recoverable, but have nevertheless made an adequate reserve for possible bad debts. Cash at bankers, etc., is £40,617 19s. 3d., and provides the company with ample funds for working capital and development after payment of the dividends which have been proposed. Preliminary expenses now stand at £38,498 3s. 8d., and, as previously stated, it is the directors' policy to write this item off as soon as possible.

On the other side of the balance sheet will be found creditors £9,944 15s. 4d. These are all for current goods and expenses and have been practically all paid by now. The dividend accrued, £12,800, speaks for itself, and if the accounts before you are adopted, will be in your hands on the night of June 29, together with the additional dividend of 1 per cent. The investment reserve of £15,000 I have already referred to and the general reserve of £5,000 is the sum allocated for this purpose from the earnings as set out in the profit and loss account.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

IMPERIAL BANK OF PERSIA

STRONG LIQUID POSITION

The Fortieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Persia was held on July 2 at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C. Sir Hugh S. Barnes, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O. (chairman of the company) presided.

The manager (Mr. Sydney Rogers) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report, the chairman said: Gentlemen, before I deal with the report and the accounts, which I assume may be taken as read, you will expect me, as usual, to say a few words about recent events in Persia.

I think it may be safely assumed that in the past year there has been no diminution of the energy and driving power which has always distinguished his Imperial Majesty the Shah, with the result that the modernization of the structure of the State, which has been such a remarkable feature of Persian history since his Majesty's accession, has been making steady progress.

You will remember that the old commercial treaties with the various European Powers, which conferred on foreigners extra-territorial rights, came to an end a year ago. I am quite sure that the Persian authorities desire to exercise their new jurisdiction with fairness and circumspection, but for some time they will be faced with the difficulty of adapting their laws and training their judges and magistrates up to the standard of modern requirements.

The work of the proposed Trans-Persian railway from the Gulf to the Caspian has been proceeding surely, if somewhat slowly. We hear that in the North a few miles of line have recently been opened to traffic, and in the South the American engineers are busy completing the line between Ahwaz and the new Persian port at Khor Musa, which is to be given the name of Bandar Shapur.

From all we have heard, there seems to be little doubt that in the Khor Musa inlet the Persians have discovered what they have never possessed before, viz., a commodious, sheltered deep-water harbour in the Persian Gulf completely under their own control, which, when it is connected by railway with Teheran and the North, is likely to absorb a very large share of Persia's sea-borne trade.

Other measures of internal reform are being taken in hand, but the two most important events of the year have been the election of Persia in September last as a non-permanent member of the Council of the League of Nations—a timely and appropriate recognition of Persia's political progress—and the reconciliation of the Persian and Irak Governments, which took place last spring. Previously Persia had always refused to recognize Irak. Now that friendly relations have been established, the way is open for the settlement of several important questions at issue between the two Governments.

I will now ask you to turn your attention to the figures of the balance sheet. The total, as you will see, shows some diminution from that of last year.

To clarify our accounts to the Inland Revenue Department, with whom we have been in consultation for some time, we have, as stated in the report, converted the Persian assets and liabilities into sterling at the rate of exchange ruling on March 20, instead of, as hitherto, at a fixed rate adopted since 1917, for the purpose of easy comparison year by year.

Our position, as you will see, continues to remain very liquid. Our cash in hand has been augmented by the completion of the coinage contract which I mentioned last year, and to meet the increase in the note circulation of about half a million sterling, for which, under our concession, we have to keep adequate reserves in coin. Investments are lower this year by about the same amount, occasioned by the employment of funds in other directions. Bills discounted, etc., are down relatively to the decrease in deposits.

In this latter item is reflected the withdrawals by the Persian Government for expenditure on railway construction and in other directions, which, you will remember, I anticipated last year. Bills receivable show a slight increase, which calls for no particular comment. Bank premises stand at a slightly higher figure, mainly owing to the heavy expenses on the rebuilding of the premises in Teheran.

In the profit and loss account there is only one figure that calls for any comment, viz., the total. The net profit for the year is £125,955 8s. 10d., as against £135,311 13s. 1d., a reduction of £9,356 4s. 3d. Although the profit is not as large as usual, I think we may congratulate ourselves on having had a fairly prosperous year. There are, of course, bound to be fluctuations in all businesses, especially in the East, where competition is very keen for the business offering, our chief competitor being the new National Bank, but nevertheless you will doubtless consider the results sufficiently satisfactory, seeing that, whilst we have maintained the dividend unaltered, we have written £30,000 off bank premises and have added £40,000 to reserve, bringing that item to £610,000, or only £40,000 less than the amount of our capital. (Hear, hear.) I look forward next year, gentlemen, to seeing that reserve equal to our capital. (Hear, hear.) We have also slightly added to our carry-forward.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of the final dividend of 7s. per share, which was carried unanimously.

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

LEADING THE NEW DEVELOPMENT

"BLACKMAIL" AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS

The meeting of British International Pictures Ltd. was held on June 28 at the Criterion Restaurant, London, W.

Mr. John Maxwell, the chairman, said that the profit amounted to £194,651, which, for practically the first year of serious activity of the company, was something of which they might be proud. It was proposed to transfer £40,000 to reserve, making that fund £335,512; to transfer £15,000 to a property depreciation account, and to pay a further and final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year.

TALKING PICTURES

With reference to the "talking" picture, the position was that, having carefully noted the movement that began to develop in the U.S.A. last year, the board went very carefully into the matter, being unwilling to turn round until satisfied they were acting with instructed minds. The new scheme of things had certain advantages in that this company possessed a plant as good as anyone's, and a highly efficient and adaptable personnel. The board had therefore proceeded to get together a technical staff, to investigate as to the various systems available, and to adapt the company's additional studio for the making of talking pictures. As soon as they had satisfied themselves where the future lay, and had procured the necessary recording plant, they were able to move at once.

SUCCESS OF "BLACKMAIL"

It was a matter of great congratulation to all concerned that the company's first effort in the making of a full-sized talking picture—"Blackmail"—shown to the trade and the Press on the Friday of last week, had been acclaimed as completely successful and equal to anything made elsewhere. Personally, he had the greatest hopes that what had yet to come would surpass their previous achievements; at the moment they had three further talking pictures well on the way to completion of a genre and type not yet attempted elsewhere. He was satisfied that they had at hand, on the English stage, resources which would enable them to make talking pictures of a quality not excelled anywhere else, and he looked to the future with a great deal of optimism. It was from now onwards that the intensive labours and the creative efforts of the past two years should yield their fruits.

The report and accounts were adopted, and the increase of capital from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000 was approved.

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